JOHN BULL, MAY 26, 1928 Vol. XLIII. No. 1145.

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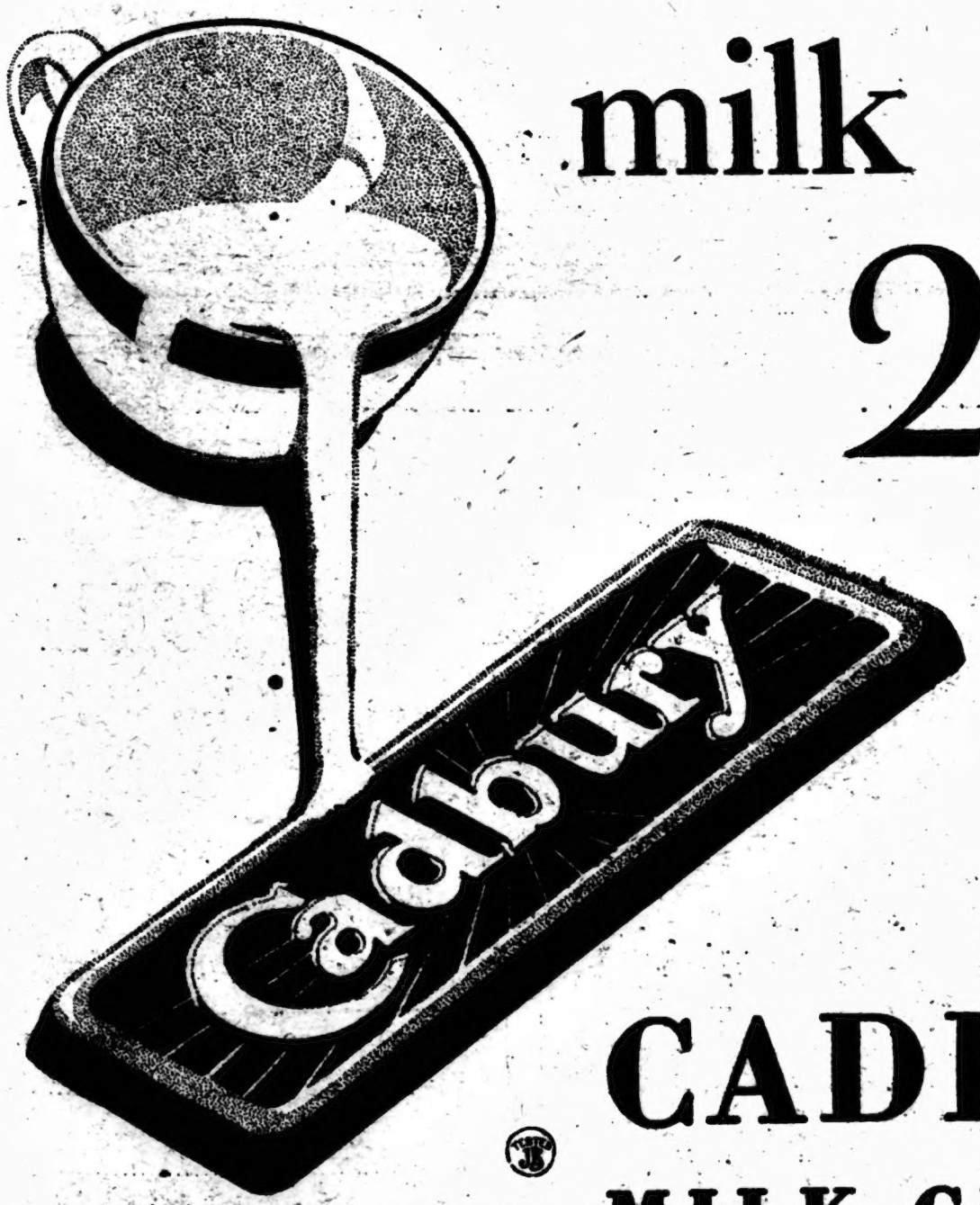

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A	G	E	D		M	E	T	E		M	A	L	T	A

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

"Bullets" Prize-winners *(Continued from page 35.)*

Mrs. A. MORROW, 67, Gordon Road, Enfield.
WHAT THE FLYER SAID—"CONQUERING AIR—WEATHER PERMITTING!"

G. F. PLANT, 17, Brassey Square, Battersea, S.W.
PROSPEROUS LAND—SOON—BALDWIN'S PLANTED ACORN!

F. THORNTON, 9, Southern Road, Southport.
TELLING THE TALE—IMPOSTOR—HERO "HASN'T, NERVE."

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C. V. J. ALLINGTON, 71, Monument Road, Weybridge.
PROSPEROUS LAND—THOUGHT POLITICIAN, DRAWING SALARY.

D. BENNETT, 14, Market Street, Edinburgh.
PUBLIC OPINION—OUR POLITICIANS "CAN'T GOVERN."

E. FILLKUL, 25, Beaufort Street, Gateshead.
"GET OUT!"—REPORTER EXPANDED INTO INTERVIEW.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss F. HAIRE, 4, Bridge Street, Port Talbot.
TELLING THE TALE—WHERE QUACK'S A "SPECIALIST."

J. W. HARTLEY, Yarborough Road, Grimsby.
DUST—COVERING THE URGENT LABEL.

E. A. HITCHCOCK, 25, Leys Avenue, Letchworth.
PROSPEROUS LAND—PRESSES, DOESN'T TAX BUTTONS.

W. H. HURLEY, 12, Kimberley Avenue, Seven Kings.
THE TROUBLE IS—THE INDIANS WANT INDIA!

Miss E. MUDD, 152, Intake Road, Fagley, Bradford.
PEDESTRIANS—MOTORISTS ARE *Poisoning* NOW.

S. OLDHAM, Ireton Grove, Attenborough, Notts.
DUST—OF HEROES, EMPIRE'S "FOUNDATION."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. WHITTINGTON, The Cottage, Lumley, Emsworth.
SHIP OF MATRIMONY—SOCIAL "WHIRLPOOL" OFTEN WRECKS.

100 Super-Gift winners:

(Addresses abbreviated owing to pressure on space.)

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ARE WE ALL MAD?	WHAT IS AN INSULT?

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"BULLETS" RULES.

1 The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2 Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3 The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4 The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(Continued from page 34).

Mrs. Winton (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; B. T. (Paisley), 2s.; T. W. B. (Cheltenham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Carter, 1s.; Dinkie (Bexley Heath), 1s.; M. W. Swain (Richmond), 2s.; G. Edmond, 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; An Old Bullet Shooter, 1s.; Gratitude (Woodhouse), 5s.; J. A. D. (A Somerset Reader), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (West Didsbury), 1s. 9d.; M. S., 1s.; Oliver Brownrigg, 2s. 6d.; J. N. & B., 2s.; E. W., 10s.; Pinkie, 5s.; Phœnix, 2s.; Hadleque (Swindon), 1s.; E. P., 10s.; Horwich, 2s. 6d.; Mr. William Scott, 1s.; M. W. A. Lamb (Ledbury), 1s.; Nellie Rothwell, 6d.; F. C. M. (Ipswich), 6s.; Target, 1s.; Margaret and Joyce, 1s.; C. N. P., 3s.; Ucalite, 1s.; G. C., 2s.; W. E. Powell, 6d.; Mrs. K. Macdonald, 6d.; Mr. A. E. Spence (Preston), 1s.; W. G. Jones (N.19), 1s.; H. J. Murphy (Portsmouth), 1s.; Mr. H. Bridan, 2s. 6d.; Cam High, 2s.; Anon (West Kensington), 2s. 9d.; Inasmuch, 1s.; Edgar, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Thomas Wood, £1; Nineo, 1s.; Grateful Pop, 6d.; L. A., 3s.; G. Sale (Nap), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; Mrs. E. Grimwood, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Ida F. Caw, £1; R. Krishnaswami (Bombay), 4s. 2d.; J. E. Memble, 5s.; E. A. B. (Devonport), 1s.; Annual, 2s.; Anon. (Kincardineshire), 5s.; Mr. D. McPhail (Oban), 5s.; Rev. R. C. Morgan, 1s. 6d.; Tendega (S. Africa), 11s.; Anon. Cpl. (Hong Kong), 10s.; Only a Working Woman, 1s.; S. Brown (Marston), 10s.; Miss M. A. Incles, 2s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; M. Farmer (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; J. S. Russell (Carluke), 10s.; M. Cochrane (Oldham), 1s.; Hair Cutting Fund (86 Craig), 12s. 6d.; Thankful, 2s. 6d.; Jessie for Luck, 2s. 6d.; L. H. T. (Cardiff), 3s.; A Worker, 5s.; G. P. Carman, 2s. 6d.; No. 33, 3s.; M., 3s. 1s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; With Love, 1s.; A. E. Parr Burwell, 5s.; E. (Brighton), 1s.; Anon. (Port Glasgow), 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; The Merry Crew, 8s.; A. M. C. (East Finchley), 5s.; Anon (Woolwich), 1s.; Syndicate Publishing Co., 1s.; Miss H. Wing (Orkney), 2s. 6d.; Mac's Section (B'ham, 3rd sub.), £1; Mrs. A. E. D., 2s. 6d.; "?," 2s.; J. F. Elkins (Transport), 5s.; H. J. Stevens (Thornton Heath), 6d.; Mrs. A. Huxtable (Tunbridge Wells), 5s.; Mr. H. Waddington, 1s.; Anon., 5s.; A Roman Catholic, £5; Birds, 2s.; Mrs. J. W. B. (Wallasey), 6d.; B., 2s.; W. J. K., 6d.; Adsum, 2s.; In Lieu of Bullets, 1s.; A Poor Woman, 9d.; H. B. I. (Birmingham), 6d.; J. K. S. B., 2s.; M. C. (One Ninth), 2s. 7½d.; N. S. S. (Leith), 2s.; M. D., 1s. 6d.; Teddy's Mother, 6d.; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; My Ninth (Darlington), 1s.; Always Busy, 2s.; Mr. J. Thomas, 6d.; Mrs. Morris (Bradford), 1s.; D. F. M., 2s.; Mother of Three, 1s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (South Shields), 1s.; R. H. Auchinleck, 2s. 6d.; Ninth for Luck (Darlington), 1s.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Mr. G. Cowell (Chingford), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 10s.; One Ninth, M. C., 2s.; L. B., 5s.; D. C. & E. M. Soundy, £1 1s.; H. L. (Stockport), 1s.; Invalid (Swindon), 10s.; Mr. J. Gibbs, 1s.; Inasmuch, 1s.; Loule (Edmonton), 2s.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 9d.; Anon. (Silverton), 2s.; Grateful Heart (Forest Gate), 2s. 6d.; Denial (Aged 13), 2s.; L. S. Bulwell, 7s. 6d.; If, £1 1s.; Working Man's Wife (Windsor), 2s.; A Friend—E. L. W., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Carruthers, 10s.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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£12 PETERBORO'.—Miss F. F. GARFOOT, Cottesmore House, Helpston.
£12 SCUNTHORPE, LINCS.—Mrs. E. MELTON, 7, Sutton Street.
£12 SHEFFIELD.—Mr. F. PEARSON, 24, Green Street.
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INQUEST IN NEWQUAY TRAGEDY.
Husband Accidentally Shot by Wife.
DISTRESSING SCENE.
THE END OF A FROLIC.
MRS. STANLEY GRANT, of Newquay,
was handling, on Friday, a gun belonging to her husband, when it exploded and the charge entered her husband's face,
killing him instantly.
Mr. Stanley Grant, a baker,
Messrs. W. J. Hooper
and

READER'S TRAGIC DEATH

JOHN BULL PAYS £250 TO WIDOW

"The gun's empty, but you ought to put it down," said Mr. Grant, of 19, St. George's Rd., Newquay, to his wife, who was playing with his gun. But—the tragedy of it—the gun was loaded—it went off, killing him instantly. "John Bull" has paid his widow £250.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 30.

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NEW WAREHOUSE.
BIGGER and greater than ever. Best and Cheapest Wholesale House for Beginners, Drapers, Dealers and others. Hosiery, Linens, Readymades direct from the Makers. Come and see us or send direct from the Makers. Come and see us or send to-day for Big Catalogue, first A.B.C. Guide Free. Note new address: Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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A beverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day.

Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant.

Drink a cupful of HERVEA each morning, and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Just send me your name and address stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss; also a stamp for postage, and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package.

If you feel that you are getting benefit I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it did for me in a few weeks it should do for you, if you will give it a fair trial.

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A USEFUL booklet on Wireless valves is offered by the GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD., on page 23.

BY filling in the coupon in the ROYAL ENFIELD advt. on page 24 readers will receive a free catalogue.

FREE: Send for the descriptive booklet offered in the DECCA advt. on page 27, describing this wonderful portable gramophone. Be sure to mention Dept. 11.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MAGNIFICENT FREE PLATE, in colour, is given with this week's "POULTRY WORLD." An exceptionally good issue full of sound advice and practical hints. Usual price: 2d. on Friday at your newsagent's, or 3d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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A FREE trial supply of YEASTPIRIN will be forwarded to all readers filling in and posting the coupon on page 14. Enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover cost of postage. Send for your free sample now!

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DO I DEBAUCH THE YOUNG? T. Bowen Partington vigorously defends his outspoken articles on sex questions that appear each week in "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. every Wednesday, or 4d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—A wonderful book giving full details and entry form of the Amami Shampoo Competition. Write for this at once before the competition closes.—Address: Amami Company, (Dept. Z.3), 11, Broad Street, London, W.C.2.

£100 in cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of SPRATT'S DOG FOODS in a simple ballot. See page 29 for particulars.

£2,000 in cash prizes (first prize, £1,000) are offered in the METROPOLE GRAMOPHONE RECORD advt. on page 27. A free ballot ticket and full particulars are given with every Metropole record. Send 2/6 for one of the competition records to the British Charities Association, Dept. J.B.1, Kingsway House, 103 Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Parliament "Up."
The really exciting question for many M.P.s in the past week has been whether an extra day or two could be "wangled" on to the Whitsun holiday, so that Parliament might be free on Derby Day. That sort of thing amuses our idle "legislators."

So Gamesome.
It is time we heard less about racing and more about rating. What with the "Tote" Bill and the Dogs Bill, the House has so far given far more attention to betting than to betterment.

Start the Engine!
The sooner the Government gets busy after Whitsuntide with its rating reform, the better the chance of its crude ideas being somehow knocked into shape. Give Parliament something to hammer at, anyway!

Prodding the Chancellor.
What Ministers have to decide quickly is whether they can find right away the money for the rating relief that is to reduce railway charges. The South Wales coalfield says pointedly, "If that is to do us any good, it's got to be done now."

A Missing Link.
Why does not the Minister of Health link rating reform with the housing problem? In preventing overcrowding among the poor, the connection is vital. The larger the family the greater the rates burden.

Woman's Work.
It was fitting that the maiden speech of Mrs. Runciman, M.P., was a plea for slum-dwellers. When women all over the country take up this terrible problem it will be on the road to solution.

Cause and Effect.
The Board of Education is required to spend less money because the number of children to be educated is decreasing. That is what bad housing is doing for the nation. Babies will come when mothers have decent homes in which to put them.

Broaden the Joke!
Larger income-tax relief for children, says Churchill, is part of the policy of "helping the producer." For this class of producer to struggle under full rates while producers of big dividends are relieved of three-quarters is not sense.

Life!
Mr. Neville Chamberlain believes that the national conscience will not allow the nation's mothers to be sacrificed for the sake of a few thousand pounds. The frank confession that money can prevent maternity mortality makes the fact of its existence downright wicked.

Outlaw War!
Never has public opinion expressed itself more weightily and more unanimously than in the British people's response to the American plan for the renunciation of war. The Government has an emphatic mandate to "Do it now!"

"Entente Cordiale."
Sir Austen Chamberlain's warm welcome to the Kellogg proposals has "made an excellent impression here in France," declare French newspapers. We always said good will was easier to sow than ill will once statesmen set the right way about it.

To-day is the Day.
The *Sunday Observer* hits the mark in labelling the Kellogg invitation to France, Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan to form with the U.S.A. a Six-Power-Pact to renounce war "the key of salvation." To refuse it is to damn the world.

The Open Door.
Once the Six-Power-Pact is formed, adherence by every other nation becomes a mere matter of time. Little Powers can be trusted to know which side their bread is buttered.

Coming Along.
Australia is wholeheartedly in favour of the American peace proposals. Naturally. She is a busy country making for prosperity, and wants to get on with the job.

Still Tragic.
The Ministry of Labour regards 1927 industrially as the nearest approach to normal since the war. But there is no excuse for complacency. We are still paying unemployment benefit to the tune of £36,747,420 a year.

Latest Results.
Last month's exports showed a fall of £9,690,150 on March figures, and fell £2,657,926 below April last year. And still hide-bound believers in tariffs plead for more. Are they daft?

Hopeful Trend.
The tendency to take factories out into the country is one of the best signs of the age. When the work reaches the wide spaces and green trees the people soon follow.

Reverse the Pendulum.
The Victorian age forced the steady gravitation of population from country to town. The people want to go back. Wholesomeness is in the blood of British folk. It is damnable that foul conditions compel so many to live unwholesome lives.

Readjustment.
We live in a transition age. The tendency is to get back to green fields with new communities using electricity, making them largely independent of coalfields. Humanity demands that the needs of displaced labour be made a first claim.

Inevitable.
National savings are worrying financiers by growing steadily smaller. What else can they expect? You cannot starve the man in the coal pit without reducing everybody's prosperity outside.

* * *

READER'S £250 CHEQUE

"John Bull" has paid this week a cheque for £250 under its Great Free Insurance Gift. *(See page 2)*

Rightly Anxious.
Women ask for "less secrecy" about the homes which receive children who have been assaulted by men. As the law stands, parents can remove them at sixteen and put them on the streets. Clearly the law wants amending.

We Know!
Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P., wonders why in the Pensions Issue Office only one woman of high executive grade is employed. We can tell him. The feminine mind might be less bound in red-tape when dire necessity calls.

In Bermondsey.
Two rooms, with father and two sons in one bed and mother and three daughters in another, the "rest" disposed on chairs, and food and furniture stored in a passage! Judge Moore thinks it "scandalous and appalling" that decent folk should be forced to live thus. It emphatically is.

Vindication.
The prosecution of Sir Leo Money in the recent Hyde Park case cost him nearly £200. What chance a poor, friendless and unknown man and woman would have had of acquittal in a like mistake is what we want to know!

Serious Anxiety.
A feeling is gaining ground in this country that justice must be bought. It is a pity. British law has always held pride of place in making no distinction between the rich and poor. It must keep it.

Bring Them Here.
Nearly 1,300,000 cases of apples form "an unprecedented glut" in New South Wales. Brought to this country under conditions admitting cheap sale they would soon disappear, among the thousands of children who never see apples outside a shop window.

'Ware Crooks.
Three-card-trick gangsters are busy working long-distance trains, which shows that gulls still exist to be plucked. Public common-sense is wanted more than police vigilance. It would soon make the game not worth the candle.

The See-saw.
That bread goes up when flour comes down is worthy of comic opera, with the bun-bakers as fun-makers, but for one fact. Bread is the staple food of the poorest. Therefore the ramp should be stopped.

The Sin.
Charles Douglas Mountain, of Sheffield, has been fined for selling meat rotten and green for human consumption. As this is the second offence prison should have been added. Bad meat is poison. Why not treat it as such?

The Wise Way.
Evidence pointing to the fact that persistently naughty children are sick children, the London County Council proposes a clinic where such cases can be studied. We cannot afford to pass by such a sensible suggestion.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Flintshire First.

Out of thirteen counties officially caring for their crippled children, twelve are in Wales, and of these Flintshire with its £900 contribution to the £6,000 required by the orthopædic hospital at Gobowen, comes first. Surely England does not dare to lag behind?

Caravan Cottage.

In a caravan at Chertsey, Surrey, Mrs. George Burden has given birth to her twenty-fourth child, making eleven now living. Exactly what some alarmists seem to plead for! Children pouring into the world, in cramped surroundings, and only about half of them coming to maturity!

Eve's Field-day.

So much is heard from ranting parsons of the cocktail girl that the fact that there are over 100,000 women on the land in this country is often overlooked. The new land girl has been through a training college and farms with brains as well as a hoe. We wish her bountiful crops.

Build Them Houses!

Leicestershire must listen to the voice of its medical officer, Dr. J. A. Fairer, who criticises the many tents, vans and sheds used for "houses." Mentally, morally, and physically, young children are being reared under conditions that should not exist. What is the hunting county going to do?

The Fatherly Touch.

German newspapers give high praise to the British Ministry of Labour for the kindly way it keeps in touch with English lads employed abroad. Dealing also in the same way with aliens employed in this country, it makes for real international understanding.

Aren't We Clever?

In two cases of one-bedroom houses at Rhymney, one of which holds nine folk, one tubercular, and the other eight, notices to vacate, owing to objections raised, have been deferred for a month. There is no defence for such clumsiness in dealing with a revolting situation.

Age No Bar.

A wonderful piece of tapestry has just been completed by Lady Florence Duncombe and hung in a chapel of York Minster. A copy of a famous picture, it was done in three years by steady application to the work for three hours each day. And the artist is eighty years old. What an example to the needle-shy young!

Rent Robbery.

Profiteering parasites who would fill their purses at the expense of homeless families should be given a taste of their own physic. At Bentley, in Yorkshire, the Urban Council has let one of its houses at 10s. 4d. a week rent to a tenant, who has sublet two of the rooms in it at 12s. a week. The thing is an evil which the council must check.

Nearer Home.

After the war, Manchester adopted the French town of Mézières, raising £20,000 for help in its reconstruction after shell-fire and making personal friends of its citizens. Splendid work, but why not extend it to shattered towns in this country. The adoption of devastated Welsh villages by towns more fortunate would soon work a miracle.

Saving a Career.

Percy William Darby will never, we trust and believe, regret his stepping forward to vouch for the good character of James Albert Hall, an old shrimper whom he had known from boyhood, and who took his jibsail worth 25s. from a Gorleston quay. A 15s. fine will convince Hall of his error without ruining his prospects by a prison sentence.

A Golden Epic.

"She told me she had slept all night in the park, and was hungry," said Mrs. Depledge, a miner's wife, of Wombwell, Yorks, at the inquest on Lily Eyre, twenty-seven, whose body was found in the canal. "I bought her some biscuits and gave her threepence. It was all I had." Some may not see a great deal in this simple little story. To us it seems a golden epic of unostentatious charity.

Rotten Remedy.

Richard Dicker's wife and child have cost the Southwark Guardians £100. In sending him to three months' hard labour for arrears of maintenance, the country has his keep to find in addition. Is there any reason why he should not be made to work to support his family?

Bright Toddler.

When little Lily Hardy saw a small boy fall in the river at Shipley she did not show the panic often rendering older children useless at such a moment, but ran to tell her grandfather, who dived in, only, alas! to recover the body. There are the makings of a brave and resourceful woman in this four-year-old kiddie.

Mean Trick.

The meanness of asking a girl employee to take 6d. an hour instead of the statutory rate of 7½d., in addition to falsifying the entry in the time-book, has cost John Edwin Rees, director of D. Jones and Co., tailors, of Cardiff, £7. The punishment is none too heavy for an attitude that is responsible for half the present industrial troubles.

Comfort for Casuals.

While the conditions of the average casual ward cause a shudder, comfort reigns at St. Asaph, where 170 inmates receive excellent treatment, have access to an up-to-date hospital, and where children from five years are placed in cottage homes and thrive with their foster-parents. All this is done without Acts of Parliament. Cannot as much be achieved elsewhere?

Bread and Scrape.

Among men walking the London gutters with sandwich boards, and earning less than 5s. a day are doctors, university and business men, with miners who have tramped from Scotland. It is up to the West End Theatre Managers' Association and the Metropolitan trades councils to put some stuffing in the sandwichmen's weak barrier between despair and suicide.

The Human Machine

Pass It On!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

NO man can expect to progress very far without thinking. Ideas are the most valuable things in the world.

But an idea to be really valuable must be put to practical use. Until an idea has been made to do something it is just an idea—valuable in itself, but of no use to anyone else.

Almost anyone can think of an idea. The man who can't must be a prize idiot!

The real task that marks out the man of ability from the man who is content to amble along is to make an idea work. It is the man who can make an idea work who does some good in the world.

I am not decrying the man who just has the idea—make no mistake about that. Someone must have the idea! And after all the idea must come first!

All I am doing is to point out that the job is only half done with the thinking out of the idea; the other half of the job is to put the idea into practice—or make someone else do so!

IN other words, if you have an idea don't keep it to yourself. Pass it on. Give it to the world. You never know—it may be just the idea the world is waiting for. There may be someone with real practical ability who can seize on your idea and do something big with it.

Think up ideas and give them out. That is the way to make a mark in the world.

Let me put the matter in one sentence. You were born with a brain—for heaven's sake, use it!

A "Festering Sore."

Little imagination is shown by the Town Council of Retford. It has turned The Carr, a natural beauty park in the heart of the town, into a huge dump, where unbearable smells, millions of flies, and possibly rats, may be bred. The citizens are "aghast." They had better be determined that things shall change.

Dogged Discontent.

"I'm down and out and meant doing it. I'm out of work and don't care what happens to me." Pity this fatal state of mind that made William Humber, a Nottingham labourer, break his probation by loitering about premises with a skeleton key! We may expect to fill our prisons while men remain without chance of a job.

The Two-pound Kiss.

Richard Bradley, of Douglas Avenue, Stoke-on-Trent, found a breezy temper when he kissed Jane Breeze, of Meadow Cottage, against her will. Employed by his uncle as a domestic servant, Jane took the case to court and Bradley had to pay £2 for his folly. That should teach him that the days are past when young domestics are easy prey for every young idiot.

The Vicar Knows.

The Rev. R. E. Barlow Poole waxes wrath with the Horncastle authorities' incurable apathy in tackling their housing problem. When we know that in a Yorkshire area of 4,000 square miles the N.S.P.C.C. was called to help 98,000 children, the need of better homes in combating cruelty to youngsters is obvious. May the rev. gentleman's protestations resound in the right ears.

In Praise of Probation.

The fifteen-year-old Kessingland girl, placed on probation for two years for stealing jumpers from a former mistress, and whose fare was paid to Lowestoft by the Hartismere Bench, so that she could return to her employment, has had chances that would have been denied to her ancestors. Where juveniles are concerned, the Probation Act cannot be too much employed by magistrates.

Folly's Limit.

A real "won't work" was found at St. Helens, when Thomas Bacon, of Eccleston Street, summoned by his wife for non-maintenance, confessed that he gave up his work to get married, and had since lived on the "dole" as a single man. He was ordered to pay his wife 5s. a week from his unemployment benefit until he got relief for her. It's a pity the Bench couldn't order him back to work with punishment if he failed to keep it.

Mixed Marriage.

After marrying successively a Polish Jew, a coloured man from Mauritius, and a Mohammedan Arab, a handsome woman at Lambeth pleaded to the Bench for the custody of her child, a young girl of seventeen, to "save her from possible slavery into evil surroundings." As the girl is in a home and happy the application was refused. There are times when a mother's "love" may be doubted by the wise, and this was one.

Blessing the Blind.

Would that the world had more citizens of the type of the late Mr. Reuben Lilley, insurance agent, of Northampton. Approximately 300 blind persons will each receive the sum of 50s. under his will. The lack of this most precious of the senses is a handicap which few normal people comprehend to the full, and others, when making their wills, might well strive to bring a little light into the lives of those who dwell in perpetual darkness.

The Grip That Holds.

Though Mr. Charles Hannington, sole proprietor of Messrs. Mansell and Sons, dairymen, of Tooting, felt bound to prosecute Frederick Albert Cooper, a roundsman, for embezzlement, because of previous irregularities, he begged that the prisoner be given a further chance, and promised to do all he could to help him. When Cooper was placed on probation, Mr. Hannington gripped him warmly by the hand. That's the way to hold a man back from the scrap-heap.

Emigrants, Beware!

"Peopling the wide open spaces" is a nice catchy phrase for politicians and a profitable one for steamship agents. But the 1,500 down-and-out unemployed men who recently marched to Winnipeg City Hall to ask the mayor for relief bitterly resent the official misrepresentation of the state of the Canadian labour market which induced them to leave England.

Brighton's Blot.

Rat infested, dark with water lacking, tiny two-roomed houses, squeezed between slaughter-house and stables, jostle Brighton's magnificent hotels and £3,000 memorial gateway. Cannot even the death of a child of three under conditions where, in the coroner's words, "It had not the ghost of a chance," shame authorities into seeing that the £5,000,000 voted for improving the resort includes sweeping away its slums.

Heartless Fiend.

It was outrageous that Alec Goodwin, of Ernwell, Addington, employed by his father, should attempt to work a horse which was so weak that it fell while in harness. Goodwin jagged at the animals' mouth till it bled, and hit it with a stick. Happily, the intervention of passers-by stopped further brutality. As Goodwin had previously been fined for a similar offence, he richly deserved sentence of a month's hard labour.

Best Brand.

Running down the steps of a moving 'bus, an unknown man paused just long enough to fling aside his jacket before diving into the Thames from Kew Bridge to the rescue of eighteen-year-old Ernest Ireland. The latter was picked up by a boatman, and the anonymous hero was saved by a police inspector. The plucky fellow declined to give his name, and hurried away. That's the brand of bravery we like to write about.

Deserved Sentence.

Pity any poor children cursed with such inhuman parents as Edward and Ellen Johnson, of King's Square, West Malling, both of whom have been sentenced to a month's hard labour. Their two girls, ages eleven and three, were found extremely dirty and verminous, the younger child being so ill through neglect that she was on the infirmary danger list for fifteen days. Children with such parents are virtually orphans and would be better cared for by the State.

Another Rogue Steps Down.

"Beneath contempt!" was the comment made by Sir Ernest Wild at the Old Bailey the other day when he sentenced Herbert Cornwall to twenty months' hard labour for victimising forty Army officers. This tallies with our view, which was expressed in an exclusive article that appeared in our issue for February 11, under the heading, "A Military Humbug Exposed." We also expressed the hope that no effort would be spared to bring Cornwall to book, and it is gratifying to report his conviction.

Down, but Not Out.

In all parts of the world Buick cars are on the road, but Mr. David Buick, founder of the firm, now a man of seventy-four, is living in humble obscurity in Detroit, scraping a bare living as a teacher in a trade school. At a crisis in his career illness struck him down, and he had to sell all his interests in the company in order to live. The old man had pinned a notice to his door, "No trials, no triumphs." The spectacle of a fine old man earning his bread without a whine for "what might have been" ought to inspire the weak-spirited.

Deeds to Remember.

Heroes on a battlefield never performed more heroic service than was rendered by James Marron and James McMullin when at the Acklam iron-works an aged worker was trapped in a sea of molten metal. Through steam, flames and awful heat they bore the dying man from the water channel in which he had taken refuge, jumping over an inferno that meant an awful death should they slip. To the King's award of the Edward medal we add a word of gratitude that when duty calls such noble souls are never wanting.

Good-bye, Graham Marsh!

For years past, JOHN BULL has made a point of exposing the activities of that notorious ex-convict Donallon and his bucket-shop business of Graham Marsh and Co., Ltd. Mr. Justice Romer has just made a compulsory winding-up order, which means that the concern's affairs will be fully investigated. This ought to have happened long ago.

The Magic Key.

From 5, Little Russell Street, London, a Mr. K. H. Pearson is sending out an elaborately printed circular inviting people to send him 30s. for the key to "unlimited profits." Mr. Pearson's key takes the form of "the 'logic' system of finding winners," which has been proved to yield a weekly income of over £7 on a capital of £1. Although he devotes three pages to lauding his system, Mr. Pearson omits to explain why he is not reaping the benefit of it himself.

Tutankhamen.

A fortnight ago the *Daily Mail* discovered the existence of the bogus charity, and has since singled out for particular mention our old friend Mr. George H. Breton, of the Poor Children's Society and Shaftesbury Hall Mission. We congratulate the *Daily Mail* on at last joining in a campaign which *Truth* and JOHN BULL have waged for years. And since excavations have been one of the *Daily Mail's* favourite features, we have no doubt it will stumble across even greater charity evils than Breton's type of organisation.

Vanished Publicity Services.

News of a ramp, in which the name of JOHN BULL has been cunningly employed, reaches us from South Africa, where a reader carefully saved the tabs from purchases of hosiery on the strength of a printed promise of "free gifts for life." She sent eighty such tabs to "The John Bull Publicity Office," at 20, Watling Street, London, E.C., in accordance with instructions, only to find that the "philanthropists" had "gone away." We shall be pleased to hear from any reader who can throw light upon their present whereabouts.

A Strange System.

A person named Bilton Rawle, of Alston, Queen's Road, Teddington, describes himself as "a private finance specialist," with "no limit." His business notepaper is headed, "The Prospectus System," but this does not figure in the register of business names at Somerset House. As he speaks in thousands, and boasts of a valuable connection "in the higher reaches of finance," it is a little disappointing to find him requesting two guineas "journey expenses" to enable him to "master the facts on the spot"!

Leap in the Dark.

A new concern known as the Investors' Protection Association, of 5, New Bond Street, London, is eager to engage "County Secretaries," who are ready and willing to invest £300 apiece. As the association is only a business name, and as the investment is to take the form of shares in a limited company, prospective "County Secretaries" should call for the fullest information. To part with £300 because two strangers who call themselves an association state that "arrangements have been made" to form a company, would be foolish in the extreme.

Tra k You!

Our great offer of a free Camera "For you and your Friend" has been so much appreciated by our readers that the whole hundred thousand set aside for free distribution have now been applied for. Owing to the exceptionally heavy response, no further applications can now be entertained, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking our readers one and all for the splendid way in which they are co-operating with us by introducing JOHN BULL to their friends.

* * *

A HOLIDAY HINT

Whitsun means holidays—and more time to make "Bullets." £500 and final 200 Super-Gifts offered on page 35.

Problems of Life

A Way of Escape

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ARNOLD BENNETT says in one of his books that there is no satisfaction equal to that which follows a good job well done, and that this is a compensation for most of the ills of life.

Arnold Bennett

I am not sure that I have quoted the words correctly, but they impressed me at the time I read them as entirely in accord with my own experience and that of other men whom I have known.

As I grow older I find myself becoming more, rather than less, interested in my fellow-creatures. Human nature is my chief study, not that I may dissect it as a medical student learns to dissect a dead body, but because its potentialities seem to me so wonderful.

Every individual character is just itself, in some respects unique, differing from every other in observable qualities and tendencies.

Is not this why we love those dear to us? What we love in one another is not what is common to all, but the indescribable speciality that marks a given person off from every other.

THIS, too, is why it is so difficult to lay down rules for meeting any particular spiritual need. What will help one man may not help another; what will inspire one man to remedial action may only irritate another.

I have often been amazed to note how apparently trivial are the causes of depression and hopelessness in certain otherwise brave souls.

In such a case probably we do not know all. Every man has his breaking-point. It is easier to bear a severe strain upon our inner resources than it is to stand up to petty disappointment and worry day by day and hour by hour.

As Basil King puts it in his "Conquest of Fear": "With much in the way of travel, friendship, and variety of experience, which I could have enjoyed, the evil thing was for ever at my side. 'This is all very well,' it would whisper in moments of pleasure, 'but it will be over in an hour or two, and then you'll be alone with me as before.'"

There must be thousands who will read these words who know that hateful feeling, having to get up with it in the morning and go to bed with it at night, the shadow that is always at your elbow.

IF it be in your own home, depriving you of true companionship or a restful background to your life; or if it be in the nature of your occupation or the want of one; yet you need not let the ugly thing work your undoing. Get away from it.

How? By taking Arnold Bennett's advice. Put your heart into the doing of what you have to do that is worth doing and you could enjoy doing.

Brooding on trouble is brooding on self, and the best way to stop it is to pour the full tide of your being into something that is of all-round benefit.

A BIG CHARITY BALLOT EXPOSED

SEASIDE HOLIDAY HOME SCANDAL

The Missing Committee

Sir Lindsay Parkinson, J.P., one of the prominent gentlemen of Blackpool who have expressed dissatisfaction with the Holiday Home Ballots

IN December, 1926, a gentleman named Harold Moss, who gave his address as Lewtas Street, Blackpool, paid a visit to a firm of local printers of good standing.

Mr. Moss stated that he proposed to establish a children's holiday home in Blackpool, and some thousands of tickets were required for a ballot he was organising.

The scheme, he said, was to be known as the "Popular Motor Ballot," and entrants would have to place well-known motor-cars in their order of popularity.

The tickets would be sold at sixpence each, and should not only realise enough money to establish the home, but would allow a margin for attractive prizes.

Mr. Moss, it was noticed, betrayed a strange anxiety to have the work executed with all possible speed, so the printers pressed for a few essential particulars.

Ruffled dignity

It presumed that the ballot would be organised by a committee, and asked what proportion would be allocated from the proceeds towards expenses.

Mr. Moss became somewhat heated, observed that he was unaccustomed to having his integrity doubted, and declared that he would place his order elsewhere.

In due course Mr. Moss succeeded in persuading another firm to undertake his work, and the tickets for the "Popular Motor Car Ballot" that were eventually printed stated:

"The whole profit of this ballot is to go to the building and equipment of a Holiday Home at Blackpool for Poor Children of England and Wales. Help us to send poor children for a holiday to the seaside from your own town."

But no mention was made on the tickets of any committee of administration, although a statement was made that the prize-money had been deposited "with the trustee."

The first award was a week's holiday in Monte Carlo for two persons or £50 cash; the second was a week-end in Paris for two persons, with no cash alternative.

Then there were a hundred consolation prizes, the value of which was not indicated. The total prize-money, therefore, cannot have been very staggering.

One firm of printers alone was paid to print 280,000 tickets, which, if all were disposed of, would represent a cash value of £7,000.

Refused advertisements

Last June a list of prize-winners was issued; but no balance-sheet was forthcoming to indicate what the administrative expenses had been or what proportion of the proceeds had been allocated to the seaside children's home.

As a matter of fact, we are able to state that there never was any committee!

A month or two before the ballot closed, Mr. Moss again visited the printers who had refused to print the tickets.

This second call was in connection with the refusal of ballot advertisements by the *Blackpool Gazette and Herald*, which was printed by the same firm.

Mr. Moss was told that the advertisements had been refused because essential information as to the finances and organisation was not forthcoming.

He agreed that a committee had not been formed, and admitted that, out of £1,100 collected up to that date, more than £550 had been utilised as "expenses."

Later, in announcing the winners of the Popular Motor Car Ballot, Mr. Moss sent out the following printed notice:

"I am glad to state that, thanks to the splendid support given by the public, the ballot has proved successful, and the amount required for the building of the home has been raised."

To this triumphant statement he added that a suitable site had been secured and the building placed in the hands of a local architect.

He made no attempt to supply concrete figures, however, but proceeded as follows:

"At the commencement twenty-five poor children, from all parts of the country, will be received every week during the summer months. They will be given a holiday such as they have never known before and one which will make them realise that the sand and the sea which they read about in their kiddies' books are real."

Sentiment of this character doubtless went down very well; but, having received sufficient money to *build* a home, Mr. Moss turned to the question of maintenance, and announced the "English Beauty Contest," which was to give "a solid foundation to the maintenance fund."

Tickets for the beauty contest were printed and sold, and then Mr. Moss decided to go a little further and organise a series of dances at the Trocadero Hotel in Blackpool.

When he applied for a licence extension, however, the Chief Constable of Blackpool, Mr. H. E. Derham, then stated that he was inundated with letters about the competition, and opposed the application.

Mr. Moss was therefore instructed to produce what evidence he could to show where the home was and what work it was supposed to do.

Dissatisfied magistrates

At an adjourned hearing he turned up armed with plans of the proposed home; but even this did not fully satisfy the magistrates, who granted the application on the understanding that Moss should furnish a balance-sheet.

"Oh, certainly!" said Moss, but made no attempt to comply with this proviso.

Later, when an application for another extension was made by the hotel proprietors, Sir Lindsay Parkinson, the chairman, referred to the undertaking made by Moss at the former hearing.

"We shall refuse all applications of this character," he said, "until a balance-sheet is produced. . . . We are not satisfied with the undertaking."

So far as the beauty contest is concerned, we know that at least 113,860 tickets were printed; but no balance-sheet has ever been issued.

And now Mr. Moss has embarked upon yet another ballot to aid this seaside "home" for poor children. This is known as the "Popular Dog Ballot," and the tickets state that the home "is now in course of erection."

Meanwhile, scores of enquiries have poured in to the Chief Constable of Blackpool, from people who are anxious to know how the money has been spent.

Certain girl collectors, too, paid by Mr. Moss on a commission basis, have been convicted for "importuning passengers for the sale of ballot tickets" and causing them annoyance.

Our Special Commissioner, who has just investigated the matter on the spot, only discovered the "home" with some difficulty.

Lonely hut

He found it to consist of a wooden hut in a lone field at a village called Little Marden. Its approximate dimensions are 65 ft. by 16 ft., and it stands quite empty, without a soul in charge, and with the "sand and the sea" a considerable distance away.

If Mr. Moss contends that he will one day build a real "home" there, we would refer him to his own circulars, which stated quite definitely that the project would be completed at the end of last September.

We find that in the first ballot Mr. Moss had an arrangement to draw 5 per cent. on the sale of all tickets, together with an allowance for expenses.

Printing, advertising and office rent had all to be met, to say nothing of the wages for staff and the girl collectors, who receive a small allowance and a penny in the shilling commission.

What were his expenses in connection with the second ballot?

It is within our knowledge that Sir Walter de Frece, M.P. for Blackpool, is using every endeavour to persuade the Home Secretary to look into this matter.

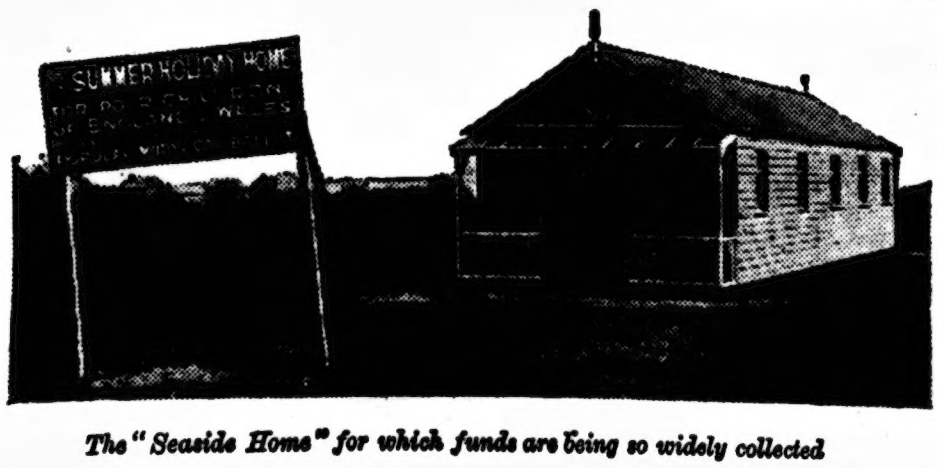
One of the local newspapers, the *Gazette and Herald*, has also drawn attention to the unsatisfactory aspects of this scheme.

What we want to know

But while something of the situation is understood locally, we have discovered that tickets *are at present being hawked all over the country.*

In the three ballots more than 400,000 tickets have so far been printed, the cash equivalent of which is considerably more than £10,000.

We must ask Mr. Moss to divulge the names of the trustees in whose care the accumulated funds are placed, the percentage utilised for working expenses, and the date when *any* poor children, brought from all parts, to be given a holiday such as they have never known before, are to be received in the isolated little wooden hut.



The "Seaside Home" for which funds are being so widely collected

A HARD-HEARTED HABERDASHER

ADOLPH THE CAVE MAN

Pack Him Off!

A SOFT-GOODS merchant with a hard heart is Mr. Adolph Joseph Berger, whose last address was 4, Leicester Street, W., but who is better known at 49, Mortimer Street, W., as those who have been his victims know to their cost.

This suave gentleman, whose tongue can be as brutal as it can be sweet, recently decided to go into voluntary liquidation.

But, although the bankruptcy proceedings by no means painted Berger in his true colours, we are able to reveal a little inside history of his intriguing methods of business.

The facts are to go before the officials of the Board of Trade, and we urge them to exercise their discretion in favour of those victims of Mr. Berger who wish to see him brought to justice.

Berger is a Roumanian by birth, who has not been naturalised in this country.

Enticing advertisements

That he has made it a habit recently to select for his victims women with little money to spare is an added reason for our throwing the searchlight on his activities.

One of these ladies who placed confidence in him lost every penny of her husband's generous present on the anniversary of their wedding and another the whole of her savings.

Berger, who claimed to be carrying on a wholesale drapery business, was a past master at framing enticing small advertisements in the Press.

He had a way with women that inspired confidence, and, when the money was gone, a way of shattering it that included the smashing and throwing about of furniture.

We happen to know of the case of the wife of a professional man who was anxious to invest in and take an active part in a sound and promising business. It was unlucky that her eye fell on an advertisement of Berger's in a reputable newspaper.

Blunt announcement

She accordingly last June invested £250 in his "wholesale drapery business," for which Berger claimed a large turnover. But when she was appointed to the staff she discovered that no real selling was being done.

Berger made excuses so convincingly that the lady was induced to invest a further £250 and later made him a private loan of £100. The £100 was refunded, but it was the last that she saw of her £500.

Further efforts were made to induce her to part with more money, and, finding her adamant, Berger resorted to open abuse, and his general behaviour was such that she found it almost impossible to remain in the firm.

In July she was appointed secretary of Silka, Ltd., a firm floated by Berger and incorporating his business, but arriving one morning—on October 28, to be precise—she found a notice on the door, "Business transferred to Hacker, Reubens and Co."

On enquiry at their offices in Surrey Street, W.C., she was informed that they were acting for Mr. Berger, who had gone into voluntary liquidation.

An advertisement for a lady to take charge of a showroom led to a Twickenham lady sacrificing her savings to Berger.

Berger blithely asked for a security of £500, "as he was likely to be abroad a good deal," but he was glad to accept £250. After being shown books that suggested a large turnover, she was given an agreement for a year, her £250 to be returned at the end of that time.

There was a clause that her money might be invested in any company that Berger might form.

But all the time that she was at 49, Mortimer Street the lady never saw a genuine customer in the place, but what she did see was the fact that Berger was frequently advertising for investors.

When she realised the true state of affairs there were violent quarrels. Berger attempted to scare her by throwing furniture about, and she kindly warned intending investors against him.

Eventually Berger gave her a holiday and then wrote saying that, as she had not reported for business, he had cancelled her agreement!

She returned to business, but Berger resorted to bad language and accused her of stealing frocks, so that the lady very wisely placed the matter in the hands of her solicitors.

Amazing methods

There entered into the matter another gentleman in whom we are interested—P. Hauser, of Brondesbury Road, Kilburn, N.W., whom we saw fit to mention in JOHN BULL of May 12, in our exposure of another soft goods scandal.

Mr. Hauser, who would appear to be a fit companion for Berger, wrote to the wife of the professional man mentioning that he was in course of taking up a position with Messrs. Silka, Ltd., and of providing the firm with some capital. He added:

Mr. Charles Hawkins, Secretary of the Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading

"I notice that you are concerned as a shareholder to the extent of £255. I would be glad if you can manage to meet me at your solicitors or anywhere else to go into the matter with you with a view to paying you out, *otherwise I fear things will be very unsatisfactory.*" The italics are ours.

So much for Mr. Hauser, of whom Berger probably knows more. We happen to know that he was formerly in business at Cardiff as a pawnbroker and job stock dealer, but is now described as a general merchant. He has a large number of judgments recorded against him.

It is obvious that much of the money advanced to Berger went either in sheer loss or into his own pocket.

Vast expenditure was entailed for the sake of a few paltry sales, and, although the books of the firm were well kept, there is every reason for Mr. Berger to explain his amazing methods of business.

THE TEN-SHILLING NEMESIS

A CYCLE-RIDE TO PRISON

THREE years ago an Edmonton youth named Henry Stacey set out with a chum to cycle to Southend. He had borrowed a bicycle for the occasion and the lamp left much to be desired. At half-past one in the morning it flickered out and all efforts to relight it failed.

Henry Stacey

Two weeks ago young Stacey found himself in prison as a result!

This is no flight of fancy, but the summary of a comedy-drama which shows that the long arm of the law may sometimes possess elastic properties of a startling character.

For when young Stacey's light flickered out in the small hours of an August morning in 1925, he was pounced upon by a village constable and subsequently served with a summons to appear at Brentwood for riding without a light.

Only hope

The youth was out of work at the time; his unemployment benefit had run out and he had not a penny in the world. He might have borrowed a bicycle again to ride over to Brentwood, but he was beginning to fight shy of borrowed bicycles.

He accordingly penned a polite letter to the Brentwood magistrates, explaining the facts of the case, and requesting to be dealt with as leniently as possible.

In due course his own letter came back to him endorsed, "Fined 10s. Remit to the Clerk of the Justices."

Stacey, as we have already remarked, had not got a penny. His father was on the parish, so he could look for no assistance from him.

He could only hope that if the representatives of law and order called upon him for an explanation they would be satisfied with a glimpse of the reduced circumstances in which he was then living.

But the weeks passed into months. The year 1926 came and went, 1927 followed, and then, in the spring of the present year, the past was reawakened in the most startling manner imaginable.

An emissary of the law arrived one morning and led the now-not-quite-so-youthful Stacey away in custody. He was taken to Tottenham Police Court, and then marched on to the North London Police Court.

Natural anxiety

After a few hours' confinement in these surroundings, a further entertainment was organised for his benefit, and he was granted a free tour in a "Black Maria," with the grim pile of Wormwood Scrubbs Prison as the last place of interest in the itinerary.

Meanwhile, the lad's father was naturally growing anxious at his son's long absence, but it was not until ten o'clock at night, and after much frantic telephoning, that he learnt the truth.

Unmerited disgrace

Then he received a letter from the Society in Aid of Discharged Prisoners, asking him if he could pay his son's fine of 10s. He could not do so, but eventually a friend who was in better circumstances kindly came forward and advanced the money.

Stacey's release was thus secured after he had spent a week-end in jail.

This would all be very amusing were it not for the unmerited disgrace of imprisonment which the belated action of the authorities has thus brought upon Henry Stacey.

But if we are to point a moral for the youth of to-day it must be: If you are a poor boy and you wish to borrow a bicycle, insist upon a first-class lamp unless you would like to go to prison in 1931!

A CHOCOLATE CATCH

SANDY COMES BACK!

A Rhyme with a Reason

IT is certainly the height of impudence to use celebrated names without authority to bolster up a business scheme. When this is done, confidence in the proposition must receive a rude shock

SOME little time back the following advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of a newspaper:

"Ask for new 'Vitality' Chocolate. A 3d. Bar is equal to a 2s. 6d. lunch."

We do not know how many people, fired with economy, followed this injunction, but we very much fear that they would ask for "Vitality" Chocolate in vain.

Up to the present moment it is little more than a registered name, and it is by no means clear why the foregoing announcement should have appeared so prematurely.

In the first place, we have discovered that "Vitality" Chocolate is the invention of a Mr. Arthur H. Adams, who gives his address as Abbey House, 2, Victoria Street, London, and who seems to be a most enterprising gentleman.

He recently approached a West End specialist, and endeavoured to interest him in "Vitality" Chocolate with a view to securing his support on the board of directors.

An effort in verse

Mr. Adams produced a mass of documents showing that he had already secured a number of quotations for supplying wholesale quantities of ingredients for the new chocolate.

He also explained that it was his intention to float a company with a capital of £50,000, through a well-known issuing-house in the City.

It was his ambition to fill the post of advertising manager in the new company, and the documents he produced included some of his "brain waves" for boosting the company's wares.

One of his efforts took the form of a "new chorus song," complete with patter. We will trouble our readers with only one verse, though:

Now this 'Vitality' Choc-o-late
Is the best sweet you could buy,
It's the greatest food sweet ever made,
Which everyone should try,
For if you're ill, you'll soon feel well,
If this Choc-o-late you munch,
As a 3d. Bar is Equal to
A two and sixpenny lunch.

The specialist was not greatly impressed, but he ventured to ask Mr. Adams what constituted the new chocolate's great feature. The inventor proudly replied that there were eleven ingredients, and proceeded to rattle them off.

Elements of mystery

He broke down at the eighth, however, and even a careful search through his papers failed to bring the formula to light. He had a sample of the chocolate, though, which he had made only the night before, and this he consented to leave in the specialist's hands.

In departing, Mr. Adams furnished the name of a prominent firm of solicitors, together with a list of directors.

The specialist was surprised to notice the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on the list, but when taxed on the subject, Mr. Adams admitted that he had only put Sir Arthur's name down "provisionally."

Feeling that the matter contained certain elements of mystery, the specialist decided to hand all the papers over to us, and as a result of enquiries we have since made we are able to reveal some remarkable facts.

We find, for instance, that Sir Arthur's name is not the only one that has been put down provisionally.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose name has been used without authority by the inventor of "Vitality" Chocolate

Others plead ignorance of the existence of any such chocolate and are astonished that their names should have been made use of in this impudent manner.

In the same way, the issuing-house in the City, so glibly referred to by Adams, knows nothing about the project, while the solicitors concerned say the same thing and are highly indignant that their name should have been so misused.

Versatile humbug

Who, then, is Mr. Arthur H. Adams? He is a gentleman who has dabbled in a number of original ventures, and has passed at one time or another as "Arthur Hillcoats" and "Arthur Heathcote."

His real name is Adam Arthur, and a chord of memory will be stirred for some of our readers when we say that he has also been familiarly known as "Sandy McNab."

When this versatile humbug last came under our notice, he was running the "Friends' Holiday League," which we thought fit to condemn.

He also gained notoriety by establishing himself in the house at Hilldrop Crescent, famous in the Crippen case, and by publishing a sensational ghost story.

At one time, too, he conducted an organisation known as "The Lonely Men and Women's League," and was more than once censured in these columns.

This, then, is the genius behind the "Vitality" Chocolate movement, and his past record, taken in conjunction with his free use of prominent names in the present case, should be sufficient to enable anyone whom he may approach to form a just estimate of his fantastic scheme.

THE HOSIERY HOAXER

SMASH AND CASH

He Simply Hates to Pay!

SHADY traders order goods without intention of payment and dispose of them for their own benefit. Honest concerns thus suffer. And the law, instead of hindering, seems to be framed for their benefit

A FEW months ago a Leicester trader, who is in business as a wholesale hosiery factor, was favoured with an order from a Mr. Maurice Hyman, of 2, Philip Lane, London, E.C., whose impressive note-paper described him as a general merchant.

As the London merchant was able to furnish convincing references, the trader thought he would be quite safe in supplying goods to the value of just over £50. But when the time came to submit his account he began to experience qualms of uneasiness.

A first application was ignored completely, and after waiting patiently for a little while, the trader ventured to resubmit his account lest the first should have gone astray.

Excuses, but no cash

Silence still followed, and to this day Mr. Hyman has not paid, but the goods which he thus obtained for nothing have been disposed of for cash.

The loss is a big one to the Leicester trader, who, though a wholesaler, is far from being in a flourishing way of business.

Many other people in various parts of the provinces are complaining bitterly of Mr. Maurice Hyman and his unsatisfactory methods.

A Manchester concern, for example, supplied Hyman with several consignments of goods last year, and shared the £50 victim's experience when it asked for settlement of its account.

All kinds of excuses were put forward by the genial "general merchant" of Philip Lane, but the account—a matter of £160—remains unpaid to this day. Yet, in the same way, Hyman turned these free goods to account by disposing of them for hard cash.

Then we are aware of another firm at Hinckley which responded to Mr. Hyman's order by furnishing a quantity of goods on credit.

Vain requests

When it had become involved to the tune of £75 it deemed it time to ask for something on account. It asked in vain, and to-day there seems small hope of ever recovering a penny.

As we say, victims of this class, who have been relieved of varying sums, are only too numerous, and the extent of Hyman's ramifications becomes apparent when we learn that he was not content with confining his activities to this country.

One enquiry has even come from a creditor in business in Belgium.

Perhaps the worst sufferer of all is a firm at Ayr, which was induced to supply Mr. Hyman with goods to the value of no less than £1,246!

Although Mr. Hyman turned these into real money in accordance with his general practice, he has not paid a farthing and has treated all threats of legal action on the part of his victims with contempt.

He even refrained from paying the rent of his London offices, and when the landlord finally put the brokers in there was nothing of value on which to levy execution!

Hopes dashed

On looking into Mr. Hyman's affairs we find that he is a past-master of the art of doing business at the expense of others.

In 1923, for instance, he was conducting a business in the East End of London as a mantle manufacturer. In that venture he ordered goods from all who would trust him and disposed of them for cash.

This merry game went on for some time until, after a judgment had been registered against him without success, a receiving order was made against him in bankruptcy.

In all, his liabilities came to over £3,000, against which his assets eventually produced barely eleven-pence in the pound.

Mr. Hyman showed his hopefulness by making almost immediate application for his discharge, so that he could resume his operations unshackled. Owing to his disastrous record, however, it was suspended for two years.

During this period he earned his living by acting as traveller for a firm, selling goods on commission.

Then, when the two years were up, Hyman started again at once with renewed vigour, and the story recounted above shows the success that has attended his efforts.

Lax law

But what a scandalous laxity in our regulations. A man trading in his own name is not compelled to register, and he is, therefore, always able to start afresh, no matter what his past record may be.

And though he may not have any financial backing, he can order goods on credit with impunity, dispose of them for cash and close his "business" when he thinks fit.

That is what Hyman has done in his latest venture. He has abandoned his Philip Lane offices and so far as his creditors can discover, has assets which are not likely to realise more than five pounds! A sorry descent for a "general merchant."

But what of the great quantities of goods that have passed through his hands?

We suggest that the competent authorities should make every endeavour to find out where he disposed of them and how much he received in cash.

A LAUNDRY THAT "WON'T WASH"

GAUNT'S HOLLOWAY HAUNTS

The Complex Simplex

MANY people in the suburban districts of London have cause to regret their dealings with Sydney Frederick Percy Gaunt, sometimes known as "Arthur."

From 43, Landseer Road, Holloway, N., a few months ago, Gaunt launched a business known as the Simplex Laundries, with a branch office in Fairbridge Road. A circular sent around to prospective customers was very attractively worded.

It announced that Simplex Laundries had reduced their prices, and that they were the inventors and manufacturers of the original bagwash machines. The quotations were below those usually charged by established concerns.

The immediate success which attended the enterprise may be explained by the fact that a Gospel Oak laundering firm had been Gaunt's tenants for a period of three years, and had used premises on the ground floor as a receiving office.

Funny business

When the agreement expired Gaunt refused to renew it on the grounds that he disliked the business. His tenants had hardly removed their belongings, however, before he opened on his own account, taking full advantage of the existing connection.

Gaunt's first victim was a launderer in the Old Kent Road whom he approached early in January. As a result of the interview several quantities of bagwash were brought along in a hired van.

Apparently the bagwash machines advertised on the handbills were not manufactured for use in the Simplex laundries!

For a week or two Gaunt paid his comparatively small bills promptly, but the proprietor of the Old Kent Road Laundry was very much surprised one day to discover that Gaunt was actually paying more for his washing to be done than he was charging his customers for doing it!

Soon afterwards the Simplex laundries contracted for their washing to be done elsewhere and, in arranging this little matter, Mr. "Arthur" Gaunt omitted to settle his account—in fact, the account remains unsettled to this day in spite of a county court order.

Plentiful promises

Nearly three months after the debt was incurred and after proceedings had been taken, Gaunt wrote offering to defray the bill by paying 30s. a month. So far it has remained an offer and a promise.

A typical example of this rogue's methods is afforded by the experience of a launderer in Walthamstow, a hard-working man who is building up a business in a new suburban area. He was only too glad to do work for the Simplex Laundries.

Gaunt gained an introduction in this instance by responding to an advertisement early in February. By this time, with the aid of his reduced price-list, his volume of trade was increasing.

As before, hired vans brought loads to the wash and took them away again as soon as they were ready. As in the previous instance, Gaunt settled promptly for a week or two.

The first time that the bill remained unpaid the launderer took little notice. Two weeks passed, but the victim continued in good faith.

At the end of three weeks the laundryman became anxious and wrote to Gaunt requesting settlement. He received a promise; but nothing more. Meanwhile the washing for the Simplex Laundries was transferred elsewhere.

A visit to Landseer Road afforded little satisfaction. A stormy scene ensued, but the Walthamstow man did not receive his money. He is now considering the advisability of taking civil proceedings.

But neither threats nor civil proceedings have much effect upon Sydney Frederick Percy Gaunt. He was soon in touch with another firm in Stepney, E.

Fortunately for himself, he selects as his dupes men who are struggling to earn an honest livelihood and who are, as a rule, unable to bear the expenses of court fees.

His laundry business was now thriving. To his new clients he was able to bring hundreds of bags a week. In order to ensure that the work was properly carried out he brought along five hundredweights of soap.

More mystery

The principal of the firm did not worry because the bills were not settled promptly until after three weeks. By that time the amount due for washing was £67 19s. When pressed for payment, Gaunt in a magnificently generous mood, paid £25 on account.

A day or two later he purchased three dozen washing bags at 4s. a dozen. It is worthy of note that he sells these at 4d. each. However, he only paid for one dozen.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., Recorder of London, who sentenced Gaunt in connection with an earlier venture

Incidentally the soap he supplied to do his washing proved worthless.

In response to a letter requesting the balance due to the Stepney firm, he replied in sympathetic terms, but he has failed to send the money.

A little investigation into Gaunt's career in recent years elicits facts that are far from inspiring. We find that he figured in the Bankruptcy Court in August, 1925, and has at least one previous conviction.

He was then associated with a concern known as the Imperial Bedstead Spring and Bedding Supplies, of Highgate Road, Kentish Town. Since it was neither registerd as a business name nor a limited company that business was a greater mystery than is his at present.

We have received many anxious enquiries regarding him. A further investigation into Gaunt's affairs by competent authorities is clearly required at once.

Prison for a Good Mother

Magistrates' Odd View

MRS. MAY HUBBARD, of Tilbury, who has just been condemned to a month's imprisonment by the magistrates at Grays Police Court, has been grievously wronged.

Some little time back she was separated from her husband by an order of the court and suffered in consequence as the man did not pay a single penny under the order.

She was thus left in the unenviable position of fending for herself and her seven children without any money coming in from any source.

Fine testimony

An inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. told the court that Mrs. Hubbard had done her best in the circumstances to keep her home together, and he testified to the fact that her home and her children were kept clean.

But being unable to provide for the seven little mouths, she had to witness the sorry spectacle of her little ones being removed to the workhouse under a justice's order.

She herself was then given a week in which to make arrangements to relinquish her home and go into the workhouse with her children.

But she felt that once she relinquished her independence all chance of providing for her children's future would be lost.

So, when the week's grace had expired, she was brought up before the magistrates and charged with neglecting her children.

Inhuman sentence

She maintained that she had never been to the workhouse and did not intend to go, having done nothing whatever to merit such an indignity.

Then, notwithstanding the excellent report made by the N.S.P.C.C. inspector, the magistrates decided that Mrs. Hubbard must go to prison for a month, and she was led from the court in tears.

Thus a woman who fully deserved the support of the law to enforce her rights under a separation order has been treated as if she herself were the offender.

The Grays magistrates deserve the strongest censure for their inhuman attitude.

Don't Trust Donald!

Opera-Singer's Dupes

SEVERAL people are anxious to locate Donald MacDonald, who describes himself as an operatic singer, and who possesses a most engaging personality.

Last year Donald MacDonald lodged with his wife in Edward Street, Hampstead, but they left after a brief stay.

Then, in January of this year, Donald turned up alone at Edward Street, behaving generally as if he were in affluent circumstances.

He was only in for occasional meals, and the landlady presumed that his professional duties kept him occupied.

She did not know that Donald had meanwhile presented himself at another boarding-house in North London. At the second address he told a dismal story.

Double role

He confessed to having a room at Edward Street, but said that he could not afford to pay for the food there.

He could, however, pay 30s. a week to the North London landlady if she would allow him to take his meals at her house.

Thus Donald contrived to fill the double rôle of affluent opera-singer and out-of-work opera-singer without arousing the suspicions of either landlady.

Dangerous deceiver

At last, however, he told his North London dupe that he was now rehearsing and would pay £2 10s. a week for a room if she would take him as a regular boarder.

Believing him to be speaking the truth, the landlady finally agreed to offer him accommodation on those terms.

He did not pay, however, but disappeared, leaving his benefactor considerably out of pocket.

Then it transpired that the Hampstead landlady was in the same boat and that Donald MacDonald had left owing her over £20! And, further, that since his departure a pitiful letter had been received from his wife, who was stranded in America and expecting a child!

Donald is clearly a dangerous deceiver, and others should be on their guard against him.

One ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory.

If you are thin, weak, or under weight, read these amazing letters. They prove beyond dispute that here is a simple, pleasant way to put fine, firm flesh on skinny, scraggy limbs.

SCIENTIFIC theory is all very well, but what you want to know about a tonic is whether in actual practice it does what doctors say it should. It is nice to know that McCoy's Tablets were discovered in a laboratory actually owned by medical men, and that for seven years the sales were confined to doctors who prescribed them for all their patients who were weak, thin, run down or under weight, but what you really want to know is the experience of your neighbours—what the actual people who buy them at chemists have proved they do.

Here it is—just a few out of scores of letters received in the few months McCoy's Tablets have been obtainable by ordinary people at any chemist's.

Are you too thin and skinny?

Would a few more pounds of good, solid flesh improve your looks, fill out the hollows and salt-cellars, round-out those scraggy arms and legs? Mr. J. D. C., of Holyhead, used to be like you. He had tried all sorts of things, but nothing did him any good. Then he tried McCoy's Tablets. This is what he writes:

"I am not in the habit of giving testimonials, but I am making an exception simply because of the splendid results after a two months' course of McCoy's Tablets. I had tried practically all the remedies advertised, but could not put on flesh, till I purchased your tablets. *I have gained 20 lbs. of good solid flesh, not fat.*"

Everybody testifies that they put on weight through taking McCoy's. Miss P. W., of Darlington, gained 8 lbs. in 4 weeks. Another lady, from Forest Gate, 6 lbs. A man in Barrowford gained "8 lbs. in 4 weeks and feels as fit as a fiddle."

A fair, square, honest guarantee.

In fact, McCoy's Tablets are the surest thing known for making thin, underweight people regain their normal weight. Every box is sold with an explicit guarantee that if you don't put on at least 3 lbs. with one month's treatment as prescribed, the makers will refund all your money. Could you ask for a fairer, squarer guarantee than that? Could it be made about a product of which there was the slightest doubt?

Is your child thin and delicate?

If you've a child that is weak, under-developed and prone to pick up any ailment, just try the effect of McCoy's Tablets for a few weeks. You'll be amazed at the way it gains in appetite and grows in strength, weight and spirits. Mr. W. J. R., of Norwich, writes that his little girl of six had been frail since birth, always under weight and catching cold after cold. Nothing did her any good till they tried McCoy's. In the very first week she gained 1 lb. 6 ozs., the second 14 ozs., the third 1 lb. 4 ozs., and the good work is still going on. Now she's fitter, stronger, brighter in every way—all due to McCoy's.

Mr. R. is only one of many parents who have testified to the value of McCoy's Tablets for children. Mrs. M. M., of Ashton-under-Lyne, says: "I should very much like to thank you for the wonderful benefit my little girl of 6 years 11 months has received from your tablets. This last winter is the first she has got through without a severe attack of Bronchitis. She is now putting on firm, healthy flesh, and looks better and stronger than she has ever done, as she has always been a delicate child. I have recommended your tablets to a great many of my friends, who all have the same opinion about them and would not be without them."

The Headmaster of ——— Council School made a scientific test on five of his poorest children. He writes:

"I tried your tablets on the poorest nourished of our children: 4 tablets per day, 5 days per week. At the end of 5 weeks I find that the average gain in weight of the 5 children is 1 lb. 9 ozs., which I consider very satisfactory, as they have not much nourishing diet to supplement the treatment. In my own case, I have been taking the tablets for some months, and have found that they have improved my appetite, regulated my digestive system, and almost entirely cured chronic colitis of 7 years' standing (a relic of war service in the East). My weight is greater than it has been for 14 years, and I am feeling much better in health."

Do you suffer from Anæmia?

Everyone knows how weakening and depressing anæmia can be. Just see what Miss G., of Brighton, says:

"In the interests of the large number of sufferers from anæmia and general lassitude, I must tell you of the wonderful results I have obtained by the use of McCoy's Tablets. Having had an operation which left me in a very weak state, I have tried numerous patent foods, etc., which did not produce any good results. Three weeks ago I purchased a box of your tablets, and the results are amazing. Within two weeks I have put on nearly 3 lbs., and the depressed feeling one gets during convalescence has entirely disappeared.

I am now going to give my little girl, aged 4, a course of the tablets with, I trust, as good results as my own.
You may use this letter in any way you wish, as, although I am always dubious of taking Patent Medicines, etc., I am really grateful to your good selves for the good health I am now beginning to enjoy."

Are you liable to colds?

Dozens of men and women who were always catching colds tell us that since taking McCoy's they have been almost immune. This is what a chemists' manager, Mr. W. L., of Liverpool, writes about his own case:

"The following personal experience of your tablets constitutes such a remarkable testimonial that I am writing to tell you the facts. Without any alteration of diet or occupation, after taking two boxes only, I found I had gained 10 lbs. in weight. Furthermore, whereas I have previously been subject to frequent colds, since taking your tablets I have been entirely free from them."

T.B. Case "feels a different person."

No medicine will itself cure Tuberculosis, but if you build up your strength Nature will do her best. McCoy's Tablets are wonderful for this, as Mrs. W., of Rhyl, has proved. She writes:

"I am just writing to let you know what a deal of good your Tablets have done for me. I was very run-down and used to get exhausted over every little bit of work. I was even sent to a sanitorium near Chester as a T.B. Case. Since I returned from there, three weeks ago, I decided to give your tablets a trial, and I have gained 3 lbs. without exaggeration, being weighed by the doctor's scales, which have to be correct. I am eating and sleeping better and feel a different person. I shall certainly recommend them to anyone I know suffering from Bronchial trouble."

Ended recurrent Malaria.

Many letters come from men suffering from after effects of the war. Here is one from Mr. W. W., of Blackburn. He writes:

"Since taking your tablets for the past month I have gained 10 lbs. They are very stimulating and invigorating, and do not affect the heart. Through war service abroad, I had recurrent attacks of Malaria. The Tablets have done the work, and I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from run-down conditions, through influenza or pneumonia."

Go to any chemist to-day and ask for McCoy's Tablets. In case of difficulty send direct to McCoy's Laboratories, Norwich.

McCOY'S TABLETS

for Men, Women and Children.

Do not be misled by imitations, none of which contain ALL McCoy's ingredients.

REGD JB

At all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- THE BOX.

AT least a million houses in England and Wales are occupied that are unfit for human habitation. This is a national scandal. It will cost much to solve the housing problem, but it will cost much more to leave it alone

The Sin in the Cellar

by **HENRY R. ALDRIDGE** *(formerly Secretary of the National Housing and Town Planning Council)*

IF one wishes to measure the depth of "man's inhumanity to man" which marked our pre-war neglect of the housing problem, it will be found "writ large" in the fact that no accurate record is in existence, setting out, house by house and street by street, the full tale of the deplorable insanitation and overcrowding which prevail wherever the poorest are gathered together in our cities, towns and villages.

The nearest approach to this has been the recording in the decennial census returns the number of rooms contained in each separate dwelling, whether this be contained in a tenement-house or in a separate cottage. It has been possible as a result to determine the number of people per room and dwelling.

But our census returns are silent with regard to the size and character of rooms, the foulness of insanitary conditions, the damp, sewage-clogged sites, the leaky roofs, the mouldering walls, and the general craziness and unfitness for modern human life which is the special characteristic of the British slum.

Dwellings to scrap

We know that overcrowding is practically universal in the one and two room homes of Scotland. With the census figures in its hands, the Royal Scottish Housing Commission was enabled to reach the estimate that to secure a condition of affairs under which not more than three persons would be living per room 284,000 of the population must be displaced.

So far as London is concerned, it has also been possible to place on record the fact that upwards of a million and a half of the population are living more than 200 persons per acre. In nineteen black metropolitan borough wards, 295,860 persons live in 37,930 dwellings, averaging fifty-three houses and 415 persons to the acre.

The French historian Michelet has said that, "Of all the flowers the human flower has the greatest need of the sun." The "sin against the light" involved in this overcrowding of houses on sites can be realised when it is placed on record that a modern normal standard of proper estate development is twelve houses and sixty persons to the acre.

How many houses are there in England and Wales unfit for human habitation? In my view, a conservative estimate, built up by deduction from various sources, shows that there are at least a million. In rural areas alone there are upwards of a hundred thousand.

So far as our industrial areas and large centres of population are concerned, quite 30 per cent. of the houses built before the passing of the Public Health Act of 1875 should be demolished as hopelessly worn out.

The greater cost

The older mining valleys of South Wales, as well as the colliery areas of Durham, can furnish thousands of examples of monotonous miners' rows, the houses in which never cost more than £70 each to build, and have long since lost whatever healthy housing value they may have possessed. Birmingham and Leeds have thousands of back-to-back houses.

To remedy the evil, it will be necessary to build at least a million and a quarter houses. It is essential that where two families are living in one slum house, two new dwellings should be provided.

In the opinion of the Royal Housing Commission, to deal with the housing problem of Scotland alone on adequate lines, 236,000 houses should be built.

Every thorough housing reformer is of opinion that the time has now arrived for demanding that healthy dwellings shall be provided for every family, the breadwinners in which are prepared to fulfil the daily duties arising under our modern civilisation. It will cost us a great deal to solve the housing problem, but it will cost us much more to leave it alone.

Theory and practice

Rightly understood, the slum problem is simplicity itself. One clear course of action must be taken to solve it. New houses must be built.

It is not a question of argument, but of constructive building action, brick by brick, door by door, and slate by slate. Construction must, moreover, precede demolition.

This means that when an area of unfit houses is marked down for condemnation, before the tenants are actually dispossessed, other houses must be provided in sufficient number to ensure that those dispossessed from slums will find proper accommodation.

And just here there is a "parting in the ways" between two schools of housing reformers. The older school takes the view that the best course to adopt is to provide new houses of a good type, and let these at good rents to the most desirable tenants, relying upon the tendency that these will vacate existing well-used property, and enable the dispossessed tenants to find accommodation in these vacant houses, which are appreciably better than those from which they have been displaced.

It is held that this "grading-up" process will be found most practical and valuable in the long run. In my view, it has the vital fault of lacking reality. It is easy for theorists to speak of tendencies operating in the long run. But in practical daily life, when we are dealing with the sufferings and anxieties of the poor, we have no right to adopt any vague kind of attitude because we believe it may operate in the desired direction.

Admirable example

The second and newer school of housing reformers holds the view that every local authority carrying into effect a clearance scheme should provide accommodation for those dispossessed, or secure, alternatively, that they actually do find other homes. This means that, in the great majority of cases, new houses must be provided in the vicinity of the cleared houses.

It is because the Liverpool City Council has "blazed the trail" for all other local authorities to follow that I desire to sing the praises of what I regard as the most admirable example of a fine slum policy effectively administered.

Summarised briefly, the Liverpool policy is one of providing alternative accommodation in close vicinity to an area marked down for clearance.

When this policy was adopted, upwards of twenty years ago, Liverpool possessed one or two vacant sites from which the tenants had been swept away, and it was determined thenceforward to take advantage of this vacant land in hand, and always have, before any particular site was cleared, new accommodation available.

The newly cleared site then became available for the rehousing of another condemned area, and so on.

In other words, what Liverpool has done has been to secure that before any groups of slum houses are destroyed, new dwellings are actually

Mr. Henry R. Aldridge, Author of "The Case for Town Planning"

available for the people actually dispossessed, at rents which they can actually afford to pay.

Does anyone wish to be heartened in the belief that people will live up to better conditions if they have the chance? Then let him go to the Head Constable of Liverpool.

Clearing away crime

This officer, charged with the duty of maintaining law and order, has placed on record the fact that in the cleared areas crime has decreased remarkably, and there are not 25 per cent. of the number of offences there were before the old houses were swept away and the new ones provided.

It has been often urged by temperate people that wherever the slum dwelling is a "place to be escaped from," the attractive power of the tavern becomes too great. Over a quarter of a century ago an assize judge once grieved Manchester people very deeply by quoting the suggestion that "to get drunk was the shortest way out of the slums of Manchester."

Well, those who believe in lessening drinking facilities will be interested to learn that in one scheme Liverpool bought up five squalid public-houses and left one standing. This apparently does no more trade than before.

Do those who are inclined to make scathing remarks concerning the dirt of the poor, and the tendency to keep coals and rubbish in baths if they are provided, wish to be convinced that they are uttering slanders against honest poor people? If so, let them ask the Irish Alderman (Austin Harford, J.P.), vice-chairman to the committee.

Decisive demand

They will learn that at first they were doubtful concerning the desirability of adding a bath to the accommodation. Now, they make an invariable rule that a bath shall be fixed in every dwelling, and in the case of the poorer homes a hot-water supply.

What rents do these people pay? Before the war, rents ranged, for one, two, three and four rooms, from 1s. 9d. to 6s. per week. These have since been increased, but they are still well within the means of dispossessed slum-dwellers to pay. Do you desire to know the proportion of slum tenants rehoused? The answer is, About 95 per cent., a simply splendid record.

In conclusion, I have one word of advice to give to every reader of JOHN BULL who holds with me the view that slums must go and the dispossessed tenants be provided with proper houses. The advice is, Demand that your local authority shall study the example of the Liverpool City Council and go and do likewise. That is all!

OPEN-HANDED DISTRIBUTION OF Yeastpirin

TRADE MARK

LADY'S REMARKABLE RELIEF FROM HEADACHES

19, Benedict Rd.,
Brixton, S.W.9.
April 14th, 1928.

Messrs. Yeastpirin, Ltd.,
London, E.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—No one could have endured worse headaches and neuralgia attacks than I—often so intense that they maddened me.

Now for nearly two months I have not had one. This is due to Yeastpirin in whose favour I cannot speak too highly.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) N. IRVING.

BLOOD PURIFIED AND NERVOUS SYSTEM TONED UP

12. Eland Road,
Lavender Hill, S.W.11.
March 28th, 1928.

Messrs. Yeastpirin Ltd.,
London, E.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—I have proved "Yeastpirin" to be a splendid blood purifier and nerve builder—for it has cleaned my system of its impurities.

My nerves have never been steadier and my neuralgia attacks have completely passed away.

The immediate relief is a great feature—but better still complete restoration follows and that is why I recommend it.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) B. W. ELVEY.

SUPER TONIC TABLETS

The Wonderful New Preparation of Yeast, Vegetable Tonics and Purest Aspirin the most effective Pain Allaying and invigorating Tonic ever known. Former Sufferers write us daily in praise of Yeastpirin—Doctors say it is the Ideal Remedy and Tonic—You are now invited to prove its value to yourself at our expense—Send for your Free Testing Supply to-day.

IN a few months the name and reputation of Yeastpirin Super Tonic Tablets have spread like wild-fire through the length and breadth of the British Isles. In thousands of homes they have brought relief from suffering and wondrous renewal of health and vitality. Now comes a sensational announcement. In order that there may not be one single home where the amazing health benefits bestowed by Yeastpirin remain unknown, we offer a Free Trial Sample of this "Wonder Remedy of Our Wonder Age" to every sufferer.

Fill in and post to-day the accompanying Coupon, together with 1½d. stamp for postage, and experience by trying it for yourself the beneficial effects of this unique combination of Yeast, Vegetable Tonics and Purest Aspirin.

As the name implies, Yeastpirin Tablets contain Yeast and Aspirin, but this wonder remedy is something more than a mere combination of these two medicines. Let us consider its ingredients in their natural sequence:—

Yeast.

There are many things which contain Vitamin B, but no other source of this essential substance is so rich as yeast!

Vegetable Tonics.

At times, we all need the aid of natural vegetable tonics to restore our lost vitality. The Vegetable Tonics in Yeastpirin have a two-fold beneficial action, and far from being harmful, they are of marvellous medicinal virtue:

(1) They link together Yeast and Aspirin so that those two curative agents can exert the maximum of their remedial power.

(2) They tone up every fibre of your body and give you a new energy, a new sense of well-being that, perchance, you have never known before!

Aspirin.

There is little need, nowadays, to stress the value of this wonderful remedy. By linking this valuable medicine with Yeast Vitamins and important Vegetable Tonics, Yeastpirin provides a remedy which medical men recommend with confidence to the Public.

Yeastpirin is sold in bottles at all High-class Chemists and Stores at 1/3 (containing 25 Tablets), 3/- (containing 65 Tablets), and 5/- (containing 120 Tablets).

If you are unable to obtain Yeastpirin locally, post 1/3, 3/- or 5/- for whichever size you prefer, direct to us and we shall forward to you. YEASTPIRIN LTD., 26/27, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

THE WONDER REMEDY FOR

HEADACHE
TOOTHACHE
INFLUENZA
NERVES
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
LUMBAGO
ANAEMIA
INSOMNIA
INDIGESTION
MALNUTRITION
COLDS
ETC.

Guarantee

PURCHASE 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Yeastpirin. If not satisfied return us empty bottle Government Stamp attached. We will refund price paid.

HIGHEST PURITY of ingredients. Ideal conditions of manufacture, ensuring perfect medicinal product.

FOR FREE TESTING SUPPLY.

Send this Coupon To-day.

To MESSRS. YEASTPIRIN, Ltd.,
26/27, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Please send me a Free Sample, for which I enclose a 1½d. Stamp to cover cost of postage.

NAME .....
(Please write your name in BLOCK letters, stating Mr., Mrs., Miss or title)

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... J.B. 26/5/28

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—The formation of the Juvenile Advisory Committee, whose special function it is to look after the welfare of girls from country districts who enter domestic service in London and other big cities, is a much-needed safeguard, and I rejoice to learn that employment agencies are co-operating. It should be impossible for a girl to be stranded who has accepted employment through the medium of a Government Department, and private agencies which omit to make the fullest enquiries should ruthlessly be stamped out. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate your on the firm stand you took with reference to that stormy petrel, Prince Carol. While you are about it, cannot you give the royal adventurer's host, M. Jonescu, a hint that his room is preferable to his company? The bane of the Balkans must no longer be allowed to endanger the peace of the world. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Eccleston Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Right aptly did you apply the saying of the French philosopher, M. Bergson, to the policy of your Party, "Supplant the ideal of force by the force of the ideal!" The pity of it is that in this materialistic age ideals are out of date, and I should despair were I not convinced that in the end the people will follow those leaders who foresee enlightenment from education and prosperity from peace. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., St. John's Road, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You point out that because the League of Nations has had a failure or two in its record is no legitimate reason for belittling its potentiality for good. I am of those who believe that the welfare of the world is wrapped up with the life of the League. The Labour Party can do no better than take its stand on the platform from which all real patriots must, perforce, preach. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FRANK BRIANT, M.P., Lambeth Walk, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—A baby born in an attic streaming with moisture, a dead child lying by a sick man in the one family bed, three children sleeping in a windowless room, and father, mother and six children sleeping in one room are only a few of the housing horrors found in your constituency. What beats me is the attitude of M.P.s, who remain quiet while time is footled away on things that don't matter. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Sir EDWARD PARRY, Clarendon, Sevenoaks.

DEAR SIR,—The agitation for the arming of the police, born of the Gutteridge case, is rightly condemned by you as panic-stricken nonsense. As you point out, the members of the force are the guardians of peace, and to furnish them with revolvers would simply mean that the country was under perpetual martial law. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. H. SELBIE, C.B.E., General Manager, Metropolitan Railway.

DEAR SIR,—Your contention that standing in trains is quite voluntary is the most absurd misstatement I have heard for many a long day. Possibly you do not see the tired worker swaying upon his feet, since the funds with which he indirectly provides you suffice for a first-class pass. A company which fails to provide enough seating accommodation is morally guilty of exploiting the public. JOHN BULL.

To Lord DECIES, D.S.O., Director, Income-Tax Payers' Society.

MY LORD,—The assumption of the Income-tax authorities that every man is a rogue is as insulting as it is untrue, and I am glad you are determined to do your utmost to check their inquisitorial methods. I, with you, doubt the legality of their demands for the production of bank certificates, pass-books, and the like, and it is time a limit was placed by law upon such impertinent activities. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BRINLEY H. JONES, Boundary Street, Brynmawr, Breconshire.

DEAR SIR,—It is a sorry reflection on our perverted sense of values that hundreds of derelict schools could be rebuilt splendidly at the cost of a single battle-cruiser. But the fact of so many, like yourself, pointing it out is a sign of hope. Soon we shall reverse. We shall build for life with enthusiasm, and deem those lunatic who wish to spend one penny on death-dealing machinery. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. PRESTON-JONES, Rushbury, Winchcombe, Cheltenham.

DEAR SIR,—Your opinion that the best milk for children is full-cream milk, from cows that have passed the tuberculin test, is mine. You say that such milk can be obtained if the public is willing to pay the price; but why should there be any such differentiation? Poor children need pure milk equally with the rich. For all there should be only one quality of milk, the best. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. JOYCE POLLARD, Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—You warn us that the traffic in women and children is still far more flourishing than is generally believed, and that quite a number of girls go from this country to South and Central America and to the North Coast of Africa. This vile bartering of souls must end, and I agree that it will be largely through the white-hot indignation of virtuous womanhood that the evil will be scotched. The nations should form a force of women police throughout the world. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ISRAEL JESSE WAREHAM, Bournemouth.

SIR,—At the inquest on your step-daughter who took her own life by poisoning you had the effrontery to witness that she had been "a constant annoyance" to you, and admitted hitting her with a stick. I do not wonder that the coroner expressed the opinion that you would find it difficult to dissociate yourself from that death that occurred during "temporary insanity." The girl might have been alive to-day but for your unkindness. I do not envy you your conscience. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. ACOCK, LAWLER and MOWBRAY, West Ham.

GENTLEMEN,—Team work of the finest was exhibited by you in manning the pumps when flood water rushed into the boiler-house at the Corporation pumping-station, threatening to throw the whole district into panic and darkness. To stand in icy water, maintaining a tremendous physical effort for five hours without cessation, though your own lives were in momentary peril, demanded heroism of the most courageous sort. I publicly pronounce it splendid. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN:—"The Government is displaying in its last year great vitality."

Chiefly by producing insoluble problems for the next Government to tackle.

* * *

DR. F DOUGLAS TURNER:—"Mental deficiency is mainly due to poisons in the body, disease, injury, and bad environment."

Conclusive evidence that the country would find prevention a lot cheaper than cure.

* * *

SIR ARTHUR MOND:—"I admire Fascism because it is successful in bringing about social peace."

So is an earthquake if it is destructive enough—but that's no reason for admiring it.

* * *

MR. S. S. HAMMERSLEY:—"Strikes and lockouts are wasteful and ineffective methods."

And would never occur but for the ineffective brains on both sides.

TIME FOR REAL ACTION

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

LET'S BEAT THE WORLD!

A MIGHTY OPPORTUNITY

Who'll Lend a Hand?

THE other day Mr. Baldwin made one of the best speeches in his career. "I always have immense faith," he said, "when it comes to a question of mixing brains with business, that this old country can yet beat the world."

He was addressing himself specifically to the cotton industry, but his remarks are equally applicable throughout the length and breadth of industrial England.

It is a creed in which we have always believed. It is a belief from which we have never wavered. We cannot, looking at the illimitable possibilities of this country, and the Empire of which it is the heart, do other than believe with Mr. Baldwin that if only brains and business combine there is no competitor in the world we need fear.

We have resources that are absolutely incalculable, resources that are positively staggering in their immense possibilities.

We own more than 60 per cent. of all the rubber and wool in the world; we control 70 per cent. of the world's supply of tea; we control 70 per cent. of the world's output of gold; we own 60 per cent. of the world's tin, and 80 per cent. of the world's nickel. We own 90 per cent. of the world's supply of jute.

There is no coal in the world like ours, and much of the world's oil is under our control. We own no less than 40 per cent. of the world's cotton spindles, and 50 per cent. of the shipping engaged in international trade.

TO say all this is merely to touch the fringe of the possibilities of the British Empire. The Empire's actual and potential resources are such as make imagination boggle. They are illimitable and unassailable. We doubt if the cleverest statisticians in the country could even begin to estimate exactly of what they really consist.

Yet, despite all this, there is something holding us back from the full-flood tide of prosperity that is long overdue. The Marquess of Londonderry, in a recent article in JOHN BULL, rightly called for less politics in industry. We are inclined, as we look at our resources, and compare the tremendous wealth we know to be there with the lack of recovery that is so desperately evident on all hands, to call—paradoxical though it may sound—for less politics in politics!

WHAT we mean is that we want to see a great deal more politics and a great deal less Party. We want to see a united House of Commons, more anxious to "get a move on" than to score tactical advantages, more determined to end abuses and right wrongs, to make the potential wealth of the country into actuality than to snatch votes and score cheap triumphs in debate.

We want to see an end to the fact that three millions of our citizens are rotting their lives away in festering slums, an end to the million and a half more who are idling away their lives into demoralisation and pauperism because we do not sufficiently mix brains with business in order to find them honest work, and an end to the complacent attitude that assumes that poverty is a natural cause instead of recognising it for a social disease and insisting on its abolition.

At the same meeting at which Mr. Baldwin spoke, Lord Derby possibly gave utterance to an even deeper truth than Mr. Baldwin. Speaking very bluntly indeed to the languishing cotton industry, he said, without any trimmings: "Your difficulties are not going to be solved by quarrelling or by reduction of wages."

That was a profound truth. You cannot make a poor man rich by making him poorer still! You can only make him rich by making him richer than he is.

Let us by all means get on mixing brains with business; let us get even more busy mixing brains with politics. When we really start to do that in earnest this country will, as it is quite capable of doing, beat the world.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister, who rightly believes the old country can still beat the world

WHY BLOW IT TO BLAZES?

Business Teaches the Church

"LIFE to-day," declares a prominent American, "is based on interdependence and co-operation. The human community is like a hive of ants all working for the good of the whole."

Taken by itself, the opinion is trite. It is merely what Christianity has been saying for the last two thousand years.

The trouble has been because men were too blind to see that co-operation which ensured security, peace and prosperity inside the group would work equally well outside. The greatest tragedy of the Churches has been failure to drive this truth home. Now business men are doing it for them.

The scales have fallen from their eyes. The War, with its aftermath of misery, devastation, unemployment and death, may have left a few with ignoble fortunes, but it brought ruin, lost markets and utter financial bewilderment to many more.

Big business men are not fools. They are able to appreciate the insanity of bombing to blazes huge concerns that take generations to build up. They have no fancy to see the work of their own lifetime going up in smoke. They are bent on preventing it.

But the wiser heads know that peace in the wider world can never be secured until an entirely new conception is formed of the whole object and aim of business. It cannot be done through bitter trade antagonisms.

Instead of talk of "rivalry," "underselling," "higher tariffs," the saner commercialists now speak of "co-operation" and "interdependence." It is recognised that the good products of one people contribute to the better living conditions of all people.

This new note was pronounced at the fifteenth National Foreign Trade Convention held recently in Houston, Texas. The leading theme of all sittings was international trade. And most significant of all, the convention subscribed to the ideal that all proper trade is primarily *service*.

The same note is sounding in our country. It must swell in volume. We trade to live, to keep the country prosperous and expand its credits. But this is only groundwork for a greater thing.

We must trade to serve, to advance the welfare of all peoples and lead the world to a finer civilisation than it has yet reached. To do this is to do more than ensure peace. It is to solve the very secret of existence.

MEAN TACTICS

"Docky Time"

THAT we are still far from the brotherly spirit in all relations between masters and men is proved by recent prosecutions at Wisbech.

These were the first cases tried under the Agricultural Wages Regulation Act.

The inspector for the Act, Mr. William Morgan Jones, summoned Thomas Wilson and Andrew Wilson, two farmers of Wisbech St. Mary, for paying less than the minimum rate to three men in their employ.

The Ministry regarded this as a serious case.

How serious it was to men in the lowly status of farm labourers may be judged from the fact that arrears in one case amounted to £2 9s. 6d. and in another case to as much as £6.

Defendants pleaded guilty, putting up only the slightest excuse for their conduct, and on expressing their willingness, even eagerness, to pay up were let off with a nominal fine of 10s.

This we regard with something like disgust. The prosecution asked for a penalty. The law was deliberately broken and a penalty should have been inflicted commensurate with the offence.

In other cases the letter of the law is kept and the wage-earner otherwise penalised.

There are districts where it is the custom to allow a few moments respite each morning, locally termed "docky time," during which a mouthful of lunch may be snatched.

Since minimum rates were fixed these moments are withdrawn, or if taken as usual must be made up in the men's own time.

In view of the enormous importance of agriculture, it is a great pity this industry is the slowest to exhibit the new spirit.

Generous treatment by employers brings generous response from employees. It is the only method of ensuring good dividends.

A Great Razor Rumour

by A. G. GARDINER

PROTECTIONISTS are setting a trap. It is easy to get into a trap; it is difficult to escape. The only safe thing is to beware of entering the trap, whether it is labelled "Protection," "Tariff Reform," "Safeguarding," or any other harmless-looking title

Sir William Pope, K.B.E., F.R.S.

I AM sorry for Mr. William Hales Charlton. He has cut himself badly with quite a lot of razor-blades, and must be smarting dreadfully. The thing happened in this way.

Just now the advocates of "safeguarding," which is the present name under which the old Protectionist dog is disporting himself, are pleading for Protection in the iron and steel industry.

In pursuance of this object, they have been giving evidence before the Safeguarding Committee of the Board of Trade on the subject of imported cutlery. And among the witnesses was a Mr. Charlton.

In the course of his evidence, Mr. Charlton said something that should make any reasonable head of hair stand on end. It was this: "*The total annual import of one type of American safety-razor blades into this country if spread out would cover England eight times over.*"

What a statement!

When I read this horrific statement, I said, "My hat!" or words to that effect. I was puzzled. It seemed impossible that a person capable of talking arrant nonsense could be summoned before a responsible Government committee.

It was left to Sir William Pope, of Cambridge, to indicate the colossal proportions of the Charlton "revelation." Writing to the *Times* last week, Sir William analyses the statement as follows:

"The area and population of England are known, as also are the dimensions and weight of the safety-razor blades. A simple calculation [based on Mr. Charlton's statement] shows that nearly 800,000,000 tons of this particular type of blade reach our shores annually, and that every year each man, woman and child consumes on the average about 20,000,000 blades, weighing between 19 and 20 tons.

"Taking the cost of the blades at the moderate figure of 2d. apiece, each inhabitant of the country spends over £150,000 per annum on safety-razor blades."

The greatest enemy

So far I have not seen any reply from Mr. Charlton, who is no doubt engaged in plastering his numerous wounds and wondering what his own nonsense really meant.

His object, of course, was plain. It was to show that the iron and steel industry, and especially the cutlery branch of it, is being ruined by foreign competition, and he used his illustration of the American razor-blades to make the flesh of the committee creep.

Sir Hugh Bell, who is a much more important person in the iron and steel world than Mr. Charlton, points out in the *Times*, from the Board of Trade figures, that, so far from the cutlery trade being ruined by imports, we exported last year in value more than three times as much cutlery as we imported.

And that, he says, is the case in all branches of the iron and steel industry. We export more than we import, and, what is no less gratifying, *we import cheap commodities and export dear ones.*

The Economic Conference at Geneva last year, at which this country was officially represented, declared that the greatest enemy to the recovery of prosperity was tariffs.

The same view was expressed when the conference reassembled last week, when Sir Arthur Balfour, who knows much more about the steel trade of Sheffield than Mr. Charlton, declared that tariffs must be seriously attacked if world trade is to revive.

In the face of these authoritative declarations of the most enlightened economists and business men of Europe, this country is pursuing a diametrically opposite policy. The Government dare not propose a general tariff. It dare not talk *yet* of taxes on iron and steel and taxes on food; but under the disguise of "safeguarding," it is trying to build up a network of tariffs as a preliminary.

What safeguarding has done

Its experiments so far have been disastrous. Take the case of lace. The Nottingham lace trade has for years been on the decline mainly owing to the fact that public taste has changed and the lace curtains and hangings of Victorian England have gone out of fashion.

But, ignoring this reason, the Government said, "Let us put a tax on lace." It did so. What has been the result? Since the tariff was imposed, our export of cotton lace has declined alarmingly.

In 1924, before the tariff was imposed, the value of our exports was £2,498,332. Last year, it had declined to £1,673,398. At this rate of decline, the Nottingham export trade in lace will be dead inside ten years. That is what safeguarding has done and is doing for lace.

But, indeed, this is the universal and inevitable effect of Protection. It does not promote trade; it chokes trade.

Bad for the workers

Dr. Haden Guest, who used to be regarded as a Protectionist when he was in Parliament, has returned from a visit to Australia completely converted. Protection fleeces the consumer. "Australians," he says, "have to pay more for some Australian products than we pay for the same products in this country. Australian butter, for example, costs more in Australia than in London."

Sir William Beach Thomas has returned with the same story. He went with no prejudice, but he is cured for all time of any belief in Protection.

Let me close with one point bearing on the effect of Protection on the well-being of Labour. There was a meeting at the Albert Hall the other night to advocate the "safeguarding"—that is, Protection—of the iron and steel industry. At that meeting, Sir H. Page Croft said, "We must either reduce wages all round or safeguard the industry." In other words, Protection means high wages.

Does it? I will leave another Protectionist to supply the answer. Commander Bellairs sits for Maidstone. He has been writing to the *Manchester Guardian* in advocacy of Protection in the textile industries. In the course of his letter, he says:

"There is the further consideration of the standard of life of the workpeople. On January 26, 1928, the chairman of the National Provincial Bank stated at the annual meeting that wages used to be 50 per cent. higher in Bradford than in France in the textile trade, whereas now they were 100 per cent. higher."

One hundred per cent. higher in the country without tariffs than in the country with tariffs! What does Sir H. Page Croft say to this?

Why transport food producers to Canada when Britain needs them? A system that allows this is both wicked and foolish

THERE has been an inquest held on John Heal, a sixty-one-year-old North Devon farm labourer, who was found lying by the roadside. He had lived for some time in a "linhay," or donkey-stable, with his wife, his daughter and three grandchildren. The latter were illegitimate. Each had a different father.

Mr. A. F. Holt

The doctor who made the *post-mortem* testified that the man's internal organs were perfectly healthy. He had died of exhaustion, the result of starvation.

It may seem incredible that in these days a hard-working man, a *food producer*, who took all his wages home, can die through lack of food; but starvation, as in this case, or semi-starvation, which is widespread throughout our rural communities, and immorality, which is common, are the direct and inevitable consequences of our evil land system.

Slaves of th

Land exists for the production of food and not for the profit or the pleasure of landowners, and a land system which denies a living wage to the very men who produce the food, denies them decent living accommodation, denies them all the amenities of life, and, in many cases, makes a decent life impossible, *is* an evil thing and ought to be swept away.

I have been in farm-labourers' cottages in many of the agricultural areas. In some districts the people were quite well fed. They had good employers or worked for the landowner direct. But in very many others I found that meat never entered their homes more than once a month, if then.

THE principal items of food were bread and scrape, or bread and jam, and potatoes, turnip-tops, turnips if the farmer was generous, and cabbage leaves. Splendid food for the building up of a healthy race, is it not?

I have seen many labourers' cottages which were comfortable enough, but I have seen many others in which labourers and their families were housed under worse conditions than the very beasts they tended. Beasts need a certain amount of air space and a generous amount of food if they are to thrive as profit-producers. Human beings don't

Who's Ruining 1928?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE greatest crime a man can commit apparently is to be poor. It is a shocking thing that we tolerate poverty for a single day. It is not a natural thing. It is an entirely unnatural thing. It is a social disease

THIS is civilised Christian England in the year of grace 1928. I have to say that and then have to rub my eyes to make myself believe it, because the things I read in the daily papers make me wonder if we are really either Christian or civilised.

I suppose we must be, because the Churches tell us we are. I hope a great many parsons will read the facts I am relating and attempt in their pulpits next Sunday to square them with the sermons they are proposing to preach.

"Harry Charlsley, aged fifty-one, a motor driver, of Dendy Street, Balham, London, formerly of the 3rd Hussars, in which he had seen long service, was found in bed with his throat cut last week.

"He had been out of work since February. Said the coroner, when returning a verdict of 'Suicide while of unsound mind': 'He was too proud to seek for charity, and too self-respecting to attempt to draw the dole. He simply preferred to go out of life without asking aid from anybody.'"

Terrible reports

In another paper, I read how an investigator has been going round every coalfield in Britain:

"Despite attempts at concealment, poverty is terribly evident everywhere. Almost everyone requires boots and clothing. Under-nourishment is rampant. In the children's schools attendances in some instances have fallen by as much as 10 per cent., despite free meals.

"Medical officers have shown that sub-normal children are on the increase, due to lack of nourishment. The position of expectant mothers calls for immediate attention.

"Less obvious, but also urgent, is the case of the young men who are denied assistance of any kind. In the Rhondda Valley, for example, hundreds have gone 'on the road' rather than continue 'sponging' on their impoverished families and relatives."

We are told repeatedly by those who do not know, and who never take the trouble to find out, that all these men are lazy and won't work. Yet "three attendants were advertised for by a Manchester theatre; 600 men applied."

Christian, civilised England in the year of grace 1928!

Let us look at yet another paper. At the Bridgend workhouse, a number of the inmates were called before a member of the Board, who had been given the task of seeing which of them could be turned out on the road.

Wild animals better

As a result, about twenty were actually turned out to look for work. One of them is nearly sightless. None of them has the slightest hope of finding work.

David Williams, who is practically blind, was asked what he intended to do.

He said: "I have nowhere to go. I certainly cannot find employment. If I sleep out I shall run the risk of being put into prison, and yet there appears to be nothing else but to sleep out, and subsequently land myself in jail as a result."

It is not very surprising that Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the magistrate at Thames Police Court, when he had before him the other day some unemployed youths charged with pilfering, said: "I have come to the conclusion that there is a definite relationship between unemployment and misbehaviour of this kind by youths and young men. It is a dreadful thing."

It is indeed a dreadful thing, and it is a thing for which every one of us must bear an equal responsibility. For we are supposed to be citizens of a Christian and civilised country, and yet we treat our unfortunates in a way that not even the wild animals would dream of doing.

There are plenty of hungry people in the country. According to the *Manchester Guardian* the other day, a big glut of herrings at Fleetwood sent prices down to 2s. to 3s. a box of 56 lbs., that is almost exactly ½d. a pound. If you hear of any of these poor and hungry people who were able to buy herrings at ½d. a pound, let me know!

Mr. J. A. R. Cairns

The other day, Mr. Herbert Smith, the President of the Miners' Federation, used these words. Mark them carefully. Remember that they were spoken not in the dark ages, not in an uncivilised savage country, but in Christian civilised England in the year of grace 1928.

"*The unemployment, starvation, and privation in the coalfields cannot be endured much longer.*"

Just read these words in cold blood, and let them sink right home. Get it well into your minds that this naked revelation of human distress is actually possible in what is supposed to be the most powerful and wealthiest Empire the world has ever known, and in the country that is the centre and very heart of this Empire.

Dodging the law

It is probably the poor's own fault, of course. They should not have been born poor. They should have been born rich. If you are rich—that is to say, if you are rich enough—and you fall upon evil days there are ways and means. You do not have to go on the "dole"; you do not have to go in the workhouse; you do not have to "endure unemployment, starvation, and privation."

You do as Lord Derby has done. You do like Earl Rosebery, the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, Rutland, Marlborough, and a score of others. You turn your estates into limited liability companies, thereby dodging the death duty and other taxation, and paying income-tax only upon your net profits. You dodge the law with the law's own consent!

Or else you own land, as the Duke of Northumberland does, from which other people hew coal by the sweat of their brows and often the very blood of their bodies. In that case, you simply sit still and after paying income-tax and super-tax, draw a net income from mining royalties of £15,000 a year.

Key to the solution

Of course, there is one thing we might do with all our million odd unemployed. We might transport them all to some uninhabited corner of the earth, and leave them there.

It would not be cruel nor would it be inhuman. They would not starve. They would promptly set about tilling the soil, growing food, wringing from the earth all they needed to build themselves houses and make themselves clothes.

We might also, of course, make England really civilised and really Christian by abolishing the Land Lord, and allowing the people to do this in the country of their birth. Some day we shall—for we shall some day wake up to the fact that the Land Lords' abolition is the key to the solution of all these desperate problems I have described.

the Beasts

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

count. They are only the slaves of the beasts of the field.

In many of the cottages it is impossible to make proper provision for the division of the sexes, Decency is almost impossible, immorality possible, and often proved. In many rural districts, where there are no village halls, there is nothing for the lads and lassies to do but wander along the country lanes in the dark.

THERE is nowhere for the men to go but to the village public-house, and how many pints of beer or squibs of whisky can a man buy who has to keep a wife and family on 25s. per week?

Who is to blame for the conditions which exist in many rural districts? Certainly not the people who live in them. They are the victims of a system. It is the system that is to blame, together with the successive Governments which have permitted the system to continue to exist.

Governments can spend millions of pounds on taking farm labourers from their homes here and planting them in the Dominions. Why cannot they do so much for the farm labourers here?

They will spend lavishly on the training of men in agriculture and in transporting and settling them in Canada. Why cannot they be settled here? Why transport food producers to Canada when Britain needs them? Why should a Government of Britain rob Britain of her best?

I was at Stornoway when the *Metagama* took aboard her first lot of crofters bound for Canada. The men and women and kiddies were a fine-looking crowd. It seemed a pity that Canada's gain should be Britain's loss.

I talked with some of the men. They told me that there was no future for them on the land over here. Canada offered them a future. Others at Liverpool have told me the same story.

But why should the Government spend millions for the benefit of Canada when the men might be settled here?

The answer is simple. Under present conditions farming does not pay. To settle men successfully on the land the land system would have to be altered, *and the Government dare not touch it!*

DARE any Government touch it? I have my doubts sometimes. I see so many of the strings which are pulled, no matter which Party is in power. I see the influences brought to bear, and I do not wonder that many have given up all hope of any change short of a revolution. Unlike some of my friends in the House of Commons, I, in spite of my doubts, am an optimist. We do not need the revolution. We shall get the change.

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A GREAT EMPIRE SWINDLE

by SIR HERBERT MATTHEWS *(for over twenty years Secretary of the Central Chamber of Agriculture)*

MILLIONS of pounds have been invested in plots of land in South Africa. Companies have been formed, and by alluring promises have secured capital from many humble investors. In far too many cases, victims now learn that they have lost their all

THE real story of a South African land scandal, involving millions of pounds of money of British investors, has not yet been told. Even in this article I cannot tell the whole story, for the end is not yet; but, in outline, it is this:

Some ten years ago speculators evolved the idea of acquiring large areas of land in South Africa, of cutting up the land into small holdings, of reselling the plots for growing oranges or other fruits at largely enhanced prices, and afterwards managing the plots for the purchasers.

Some of the plots had irrigation schemes attached to them, which added to the real value of the land—if the irrigation schemes proved effective. Some did; others did not.

Deluded Investors

A dozen or more groups of these speculators started some twenty or more schemes, all supposedly run on independent lines, although the names of the directors appear on the boards of more than one promoting company.

A tremendous advertising campaign was carried on through the Press, and also by and through agents appointed to sell on commission.

Some companies directed their attentions especially to demobilised officers, and many a hundred deluded men invested their gratuities and, in many cases, even commuted part or the whole of their pensions for investment in undertakings about which they knew nothing.

It must not be inferred that all these schemes are bad, but it is quite safe to assert that the promises held out to purchasers will seldom, if ever, be realised.

Some of the schemes were quite sound in conception; some of them, if properly managed, might return a fair rate of interest on the investment. Many of them, on the other hand, were unsound to start with.

Many companies definitely promised returns of £100 per acre per annum, without any qualification whatever, at the end of five years. In many cases that five years' period has now elapsed.

Is it any wonder that many investors are now uneasy because, in their cases, the fabulous return shows no sign of materialising?

What was hidden

Other things have been carefully hidden from purchasers up to the last minute. Some of the promoting companies raised mortgages on their estates, and consequently have been unable to transfer to purchasers the land that the latter had bought when all instalments were paid up.

Under South African law, if a mortgagee forecloses or if the selling company goes into liquidation, the buyer of a plot loses all right in his land unless the title has been transferred to him and he holds the title-deeds.

Unless he holds the deeds he merely comes in among the ordinary creditors after preferential creditors have been satisfied.

Apparently no plot-holder was told, when purchasing, of the high charges made for the transfer of land in South Africa. In the contract he signed he undertook to pay these charges, but if he raised the question as to

Sir Herbert Matthews

the amount he was usually told that it was "nominal."

I cannot find that a single purchaser was told of a very unpleasant addition to these charges which was incurred by the payment of the purchase-price by instalments.

Imaginary plots

The addition arises in this way: The Government imposes a tax of so much an acre on the transfer of the land. It allows six months' grace, during which the tax may be paid, but, from the end of that period, the Government charges 12 per cent. interest on the amount of the unpaid tax.

Most of the promoting companies have spent so much money under the head of selling costs—in some cases up to 50 per cent. of the price charged for the land—that the estates have been starved through lack of working capital.

Some estates have never been properly surveyed, *and although numbered plots have been sold to purchasers, they exist in imagination only.*

The great majority of plot-holders live outside South Africa, and they are entirely in the hands of the promoting company.

If, for any reason, the plot-holder is dissatisfied with the company or is plagued with doubts as to whether he is getting correct returns for his crop, what is his alternative?

In such cases, men have been told that they can manage their plots themselves, which is certainly not a very helpful suggestion.

It is estimated that the amount invested in the plots runs into millions of pounds, and that between 5,000 and 6,000 buyers of plots live outside Africa.

As buyers paid up to £150 per acre, even a layman may grasp some idea of the great sum involved.

Tricky moves

It is the fact that so many of the plot-holders are resident in Great Britain which makes their position so unsatisfactory, and it is this fact which has made it possible for the unsound companies to treat their customers in the tricky manner from which the latter have suffered.

Cases have been brought to our notice of plots sold several years ago which have never been cleared of native bush. Others have been reported where orange-trees have been planted on land where they cannot possibly thrive.

In at least one case, the selling company has sold a lot more land than it actually possesses, and while pretending to allot plots to purchasers, has never had the estate properly surveyed, and is, therefore, quite unable to allocate plots.

We are informed that in one case the seller of the land is also the mortgagee. In this case it is to his interest not to give transfer of any plot, but, having sold the land, to force the company into liquidation and thus recover the estate at the price he advanced on mortgage.

In another case, plot-holders were supplied with a list of names and invited to vote for one who would act as a director to represent the shareholders.

Fruitless denial

Very many of the people entitled to vote live in England, twenty days distant by mail, yet on the twenty-ninth day after the issuance of the circular a further document was circulated stating that the directors had been duly elected.

Some of the plot-holders are hard-working men and women, who have had to deny themselves in order to meet the instalments as they become due, and it is hard to have to tell these victims that there is practically no chance of them ever recovering their capital or ever getting the promised annual return.

Such is the position which the Government of South Africa has allowed to establish itself unchecked and to assume such proportions that migration to that Dominion or investment in the Union of South Africa must receive a terrible shock.

• • •

TO-DAY'S GOOD THING

Look for it in "The Sporting Life" and make your racing pay. 2d. daily.

'To think of it, Mum!'

"It's not four o'clock and I've only these few to do. And they've all come very nicely haven't they? Those white things look like snow. That's the rinsing in Reckitt's Blue! But what always pleases me is the finish we get just by using Robin Starch. It's a beautiful finish isn't it Mum—what you might call really crisp and glossy? And the ironing's that easy if you use Robin. Have you noticed that my iron never seems to stick with Robin. I've only one piece of advice Mum, and I always give it—Reckitt's Blue to keep your white things white and Robin for smooth work and a good finish."

ROBIN ® *Starch*

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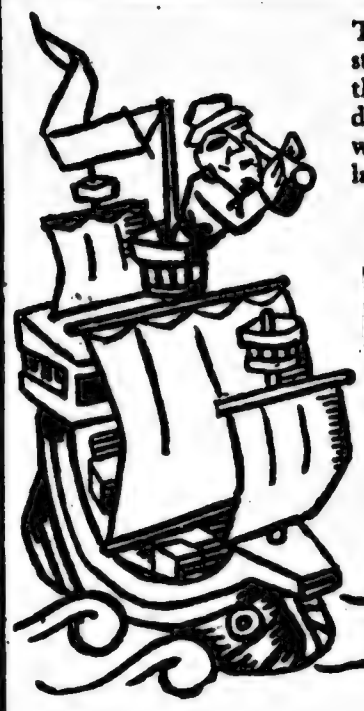

The *Daily Telegraph* leader writer recently stated that "Some learned historians say the craving of mankind for spices was the driving power in the exploration of the world. . . . . In seeking a way to the lands of spice Columbus lit upon America."

Have your men folk the appetite of Columbus?

NOT quite so large, perhaps, in these more civilised days, but probably much like him in the kind of things they enjoy.

Right inside them, men have in centuries changed very little—the same love of food spices that sent Columbus on his journey lives in nearly every man to-day.

Watch men's ways in their favourite grill-room; see how naturally 19 out of 20 reach for some spicy Relish to accompany their soup or steak or chop or cheese. Then you will know how deeply engrained is the masculine love of spices.

Don't let their home food lack the flavours they get outside—let them have, in generous measure, the spices they crave—add spices to the meat things you cook in the kitchen, and give them also the chance to add their own spiciness at table. It's easy to do this, and not at all expensive. Just the same savoury spices the ancients so eagerly sought for are the basis of to-day's YORKSHIRE RELISH, and a 2,400-drop bottle costs but 9d. at the nearest grocer's.

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5 FOR 10D.
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TERRIBLE SERVANT SCANDAL

A TRAP FOR THE "TWEENIES"

Tickets for the Vortex

TWICE recently, magistrates in London have denounced the practice which they allege to exist of Welsh girls, who come to London as servants, stealing from their employers.

That there is an occasional black sheep among the Welsh flock it is useless to deny.

But if the public knew something of the conditions under which many of these girls—often mere children—work something of the hardships, the deceptions and the cruelties that are practised upon them, a white flame of burning indignation would sweep the land from end to end.

Scarcely a train steams into Paddington but it brings a group of these child immigrants to London to be thrown into the vortex of a maelstrom that is pitiless to the innocent, the unwary and the defenceless.

Pathetic pilgrimage

They have seen in local newspapers alluring advertisements for girls to be trained to good domestic service—comfortable homes, with the railway fares to them paid by the kind mistress.

What an escape it seems to them from the sordid wretchedness of a South Wales mining village, when the breadwinner is out of work and has been out of work for months, where everything that could be pawned has long since gone, where there is not enough to eat and younger helpless mouths to fill.

One mouth less to fill—and so to London. That is the explanation of the pathetic pilgrimage of the Welsh child-slaves who trickle in an endless stream into the metropolis, where they believe that there is bread and work for all.

Too many of them find themselves practically prisoners and drudges in the homes of the sweaters, often alien sweaters, in the East End of London.

Here is the story of one of these hapless little exiles from Wales. She was only sixteen. Her father was dead, her mother was struggling to bring her up, with two younger children, on outdoor relief and the charity of friends, nearly as poor as herself.

Finally the mother let her go. She would have kept her if she could. It was no longer possible.

The greater criminal

She got a place in a vulgar and overbearing family in the Stepney district. She had no wages—her fare had to be paid back first. From the beginning the son of the house pursued her with confident and offensive advances.

The frightened girl would have gone, but she had no money. She went to her employers and asked to leave. The woman laughed. Boys would be boys, she said. And, in any case, she could not go till the fare advanced to her had been repaid.

The terrified child stole her mistress's coat, left her own box behind her and fled, a self-confessed thief! Which was the greater criminal—the girl who stole a coat or the mistress who would have stood callously by and allowed a child's honour to be stolen from her?

Many of these mistresses have never had a servant before and would never have one at all except for the fact that they can get them cheap.

Mr. W. Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate, who has had many of these unfortunate Welsh girls before him in the police court

Here is another case, vouched for by a police-court missionary, on condition that her name is not revealed. "Our usefulness would be gone," she explained, "if people who came to us could not be assured of secrecy."

Dangerous situation

A Welsh girl, also sixteen, got a position in an Ilford family. For two months she received her wages, and earned them, doing the work of a household of eight. Then her wages, almost all of which she had sent home, began to be irregularly paid.

When she was a month in arrears she yielded to temptation. She stole a pound note, which was 5s. more than was due to her. She sent it home.

Her mistress wrote to the mother, demanding the immediate return of the money or threatening the police. The money was sent, but the girl had left. A neighbour had got her a situation in a sailors' lodging-house in Poplar.

She is still there, in the most dangerous situation one could imagine for a young and inexperienced girl. Happily, the police-court missionary still keeps in touch with her.

* * *

"IT" IN WIT

The "Passing Show" is "it" in "wit." Get it this Whitsun. Twopence.

In another instance, a Welsh girl got a place as a "tweeny" in a house in Soho, which was half-café and half lodging-house, run by a foreigner and frequented by undesirable crooks.

The police came to the house on an inspection, which so terrified the girl, who was rather simple-minded, that she gave notice. The mistress "planted" some things of her own in the girl's box, accused her of theft and frightened her into staying on, *without wages!*

Simplicity abused

The café drudge was a Catholic and fortunately told her priest. He made short work of the Belgian mistress. It was her turn to be threatened by the police.

Is it any wonder that, in conditions like this, criminals are made and magistrates given easy opportunities for sapient comments?

Is it any wonder that Welsh girls, dazzled by the lure and lights of London, sometimes go wrong and find themselves in the dock or on the streets?

For one Welsh girl who goes wrong, there are dozens who struggle on, their willingness to work exploited, their ignorance traded upon and their simplicity abused.

Often they are treated well at first, so that they may send for sisters or friends.

This is particularly so in the East End of London where mistresses brag to one another of the cheap things they can get in the way of servants from Wales.

One newcomer was saved from a perilous position by the fact that she asked the way in the street from a Welsh policeman. Her accent told him at once that she was from his own part of the country.

He learned her story, and at once sent his wife to take her away from the place she was in. It was the house of a well-known "fence," who was at the time actually under observation.

Publicity the cure

The Welsh associations in London and other similar agencies do their best. But the problem is complicated by the ignorance and inexperience of the victims.

In a Welsh village everybody speaks to everybody else. The least sophisticated London youngsters know the peril of confiding in strangers.

Church workers, social welfare workers and voluntary agencies are doing what they can. But patriotism, Edith Cavell reminded us, is not enough.

Government action, legislation, is too complicated, too costly and too slow. Publicity is the most potent weapon in the national life to-day. Its sword must be sharpened to attack the Moloch that is battening on the defenceless children of the poor.

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MEN'S DOUBLE-BREASTED SPORTS COAT and FLANNEL TROUSERS

The Coat is made in our own workrooms of the finest West of England Tweed, half lined with alpaca. Cut on the new sports lounge model, in which Blanford's specialise. In shades of light, medium grey, blue-grey and Lovat mixtures.

FOR **2/-** DOWN

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Send your chest measure and height and shade required, with full postal address, and we will send you a perfect Summer outfit at 42/-. 2/- deposit, and 5/- per month.

These garments can be had separately. Sports Coats at 27/11, for 1/- deposit and 4/- per month.

Trousers at 14/11, for 1/- deposit and 3/- per month.

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Mr. Drage: Absolutely correct. And you know we want no references and make no extra charges.

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

To exaggerate the menace to health of prostitution is impossible. It is a national danger which takes a heavier toll than war. We must stamp out this evil or we shall go the way of other nations which have allowed it to set its roots too deep

THE PAINTED PLAGUE

by Commandant MARY S. ALLEN *(Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Service)*

EVERYONE knows that prostitution is an unpleasant reality which social reformers have so far failed to eradicate, but few people, other than doctors, realise how serious is its perpetual menace to health and to civilisation.

Incredible as it seems, no fewer than 20,000 women were arrested in London during the three years, 1914 to 1917, charged with solicitation.

Again, it is estimated that there are from 30,000 to 40,000 prostitutes on the streets of New York, and these figures leave out of account all "amateurs" carrying on a clandestine trade in flats, hotels, rooms and houses of assignation.

This means that at a conservative estimate one person is a prostitute out of every fifty-five inhabitants.

When it is further stated that an approximate reckoning shows that the prostitutes in this one city receive 5,540,700 visits from men each year, or about 15,180 daily, some idea may be gained of the danger to health occasioned by this evil.

Unsavoury details of this kind do not make pleasant reading, but nothing can be gained by dodging facts. In greater or lesser degree, the health of nearly every great city is at the mercy of the prostitute.

Horrible discovery

Not long ago a tragedy occurred which illustrates vividly the way in which this scourge injures the health of innocent besides guilty parties.

A brilliant young architect became entangled in the net cast by an "amateur," despite the fact that he was married to a beautiful and attractive girl.

Catching a terrible illness, he was horrified to discover that he had passed it to his wife. Stricken in health and conscience, his business dwindled, until eventually he resorted to drugs. Then one morning his body was found floating near a river wharf. And he had not reached his twenty-fifth year.

So the vicious wheel of vice revolves. Youth sets out with high hope in the battle of life, and presently its fresh beauty is marred by this slimy thing which battens on health and brain.

Yet there are men so lost to all sense of decency that they will encourage this hideous state of affairs that they may turn it to commercial account.

Amazing attitude

It is difficult to understand the mentality of the girl who submits to the brutality of the professional "bully." And yet there are thousands now living who will willingly sell their bodies on the streets that a man who gives them nothing but hard usage may live in luxury.

One such brute actually lived the life of a gentleman of leisure, with large house and liveried servants, on money extorted from a band of wretched street women who had fallen under his influence.

Strangely enough, when offered opportunities of escape from their taskmaster, these women refused without hesitation.

One morning, however, this particular "bully" was found drowned. The wealthy folk with whom he had consorted imagined that he had fallen into the river in the dark. Maybe he had.

Men of this kind work incredible harm in encouraging the spread of disease. But it is doubtful if they form a more serious problem from the point of view of the health expert than the girl who actually regards the life of the street in the light of a "good time."

Not long ago, a certain young solicitor was accosted by a girl whose voice he thought he recognised. Drawing her beneath a lamp, he was horrified to find

Commandant Mary S. Allen

that it was a girl who had been brought up in the same village as himself.

The young man offered to find her work, and was amazed at her flippant reply. "I'll work when I've had my good time," she remarked, turning on her heel.

As a nation we must tolerate a more tolerant air towards the down-and-outs of our great cities, raising them with sympathy rather than withering them with scorn. The prostitute cannot be treated successfully as a pariah. Instead she should be met with a constructive understanding.

Punishment may be necessary in certain cases, but as a rule it merely serves to harden the sensitive nature of a woman, binding it more firmly in its evil course.

The Sentence of the Court

A DIE-HARD DITCHED

Stone Walls for a Stonewaller

CHARGED with playing with loaded dice, Lord Banbury said he did not propose to plead. "I repudiate the authority of this tribunal," he announced. "The court is adjourned."

Having thus delivered himself, he gave a twist to his moustache and was with difficulty prevented from leaving the dock.

"This Duce of the Diehards," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "evidently thinks that he can adjourn this court as peremptorily as he did a meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when he found that members did not favour a policy which he was seeking to force upon them.

"The accused and certain other members of the council, whose alleged detestation of cruelty to animals does not extend to fox-hunting and the slaughter of stags, are anxious for a new system of voting by proxy in connection with the society.

"If this were adopted it would mean that Lord Banbury or some other member of the council could vote on behalf of thousands of subscribers who could not attend the meetings of the society.

"The object of this attempt to play with loaded dice is obvious to those acquainted with R.S.P.C.A. politics. It would simply mean that as long as the Diehards (to wit, those who favour hard deaths for foxes and stags) can muster a majority on the council, the more progressive members would be snowed under with proxies whenever they sought to bring about some necessary reform.

"Lord Banbury's attitude is that 'an attempt to stop hunting and shooting would alienate a large number of the society's supporters,' and apparently he would rather that animals should continue to suffer than that any of his fox-hunting friends should be offended."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the outcry against blood sports was based on sickly sentimentalism. Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the chief agitator in the society against these things, was an anti-vivisectionist and an unpractical idealist. Lord Banbury was a realist who knew on which the society's bread was buttered.

* * *

WHO IS THE "SPIDER"?

Readers of "The People" are asking this intriguing question in connection with one of the most exciting stories ever penned. Each instalment is a welter of unexpected thrills dominated by one sinister figure, "The Spider." In this serial "Seamark" has eclipsed his own best work. Don't miss next Sunday's instalment.

"Any society which is merely concerned with the buttering of its bread," said Mr. Justice Bull, "can always ensure this by the simple process of accepting money from those opposed to its avowed objects.

"Pub-keepers, for example, would willingly subscribe to an alleged 'temperance' society the principal office-bearers of which were known to be heavy drinkers.

"For fox-hunters to sit upon the council of the R.S.P.C.A. is as ridiculous as it would be for members of an Anti-Smoking League to attend a meeting with fat cigars in their mouths.

"The society collects £80,000 annually from people who cherish no hypocritical illusions that cruelty ceases to be cruelty when perpetrated in the name of 'sport,' and while autocrats may be able to dissolve a meeting, they cannot so easily turn off the searchlight of public opinion.

"As the prisoner seems as fond of blood as he was of stonewalling in his House of Commons days, he should appreciate the appropriateness of a sentence of six months' imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, during which period he must decide whether the 'P' in 'R.S.P.C.A.' is to stand for the 'Prevention' or the 'Promotion' of cruelty to animals."

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THIS NEW CARTON ENTIRELY OVERCOMES THE DIFFICULTY

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Foster Clark's Cream Custard

Words Winged to Women

A BISHOP FINDS OUT

by MABEL HORNER

"THE effort to find room where the children of our overcrowded cities can play in safety must appeal to every citizen with common human sympathy."—THE RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE

LONG live the play spirit! For the play spirit is the sporting spirit. It is the thing that keeps the world in good temper and hope alive. The play spirit is born in every youngster. If he hasn't got it he is sick.

And when this instinct is trained it makes for united endeavour, for the team spirit on which any nation can build nobly and grandly.

Because of this it is utterly wicked for this nation to be busily killing the play spirit in the children, as at present it is doing. Children must play, and if they are not provided with proper fields in which to play they will play in the street.

That is why some boys at Sheffield kicked a football about in the streets a little while ago. Of course, football-kicking in streets is frightfully dangerous. It cannot be allowed or lives would be lost even oftener than they are now.

So these poor Sheffield lads were caught by the police for breaking the law and haled before a magistrate. He fined them 7s. each. They were too poor to pay it, and, incredible though it appears, they were all sent to prison.

Branded for life

For indulging the play spirit, and because society had denied them opportunity for playing good, healthy, character-forming games, such as richer boys are trained to play as a commonplace of their education, these poor boys were branded for life with the horrid stigma of having served a sentence in prison.

Not long ago the Bishop of Southwark took up the cry of the London children, who are in as evil a case as their northern brothers. He proposed an enquiry by an inter-Departmental Committee into "the appalling state of affairs and the number of accidents suffered by London children, a number which is increasing and is likely to increase."

The Bishop had walked from Lambeth Bridge to Kennington, looking at the children. And on that walk he counted twelve games of cricket, six games of rounders, and, besides little boys on scooters, a large number of games of a mysterious character, which my own childhood's memory tells me was "hop-scotch."

The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., who recently made a powerful plea for providing playing-fields for children

Children will play. It is an instinct that cannot and must not be stifled. But at what a terrible price our London children are playing! Last year 233 of them were killed in the streets; 9,528 were injured.

Is the Bishop wrong in describing such a state of affairs as appalling? I rather fancy he used the word because he did not like to say it was damnable. But he must have thought it.

And the children who do not die are paying with something more terrible than their lives. They are paying with their characters for being denied their playing-fields.

The boy who fails to develop the team spirit learns to play a lone hand. He seeks his own advantage, not the advantage of the community. He feeds the criminal classes. That is going to cost the nation very dear indeed. We cannot afford it.

We cannot afford to draw this distinction between rich boys and poor boys in the matter of playing-fields. The rich boys have shown us how wicked is the distinction.

From Oxford they have issued invitations to teams drawn from London's elementary schools and together the lads have played cricket. This is called the Oxford movement, and it is one of the best I have heard of for a long time.

Gentlemen all!

About 1,000 boys from eighteen schools used the college grounds on 350 occasions, and the summing up of their behaviour is that "they everyone proved themselves such gentleman—in the proper sense of that misused word."

The same boys! Hooligans, to be sent to jail, merely because playing-fields are denied! Gentlemen, able to win cups and do themselves and their teachers credit merely because playing-fields are supplied.

The Oxford movement must extend. Influential people in every town and village must get to work.

But the playing-fields for every child will never become an accomplished fact unless the Government intervenes. It is too big a job for private hands. Private hands cannot unlock the necessary lands.

A Ministry of Playing Fields has been suggested. We must have it, but not at Whitehall. It must be composed of every man and woman in the country who recognises this terrible peril to our children.

This new Ministry must insist that whatever the provision of fields and the taking to and from of the children of the slums costs, it will be cheaper than leaving things as they are. For the wickedness of this latter means the creating of huge criminal populations, to be supported later by the honest.

HUSBAND TELLS THE TRUTH!

£2,000 Shock for a Woman Competitor

A TELEGRAPH operator in Warrington General Post Office was on duty last week when a colleague called over and told him a message was coming through for his wife.

"You have won——," began the message for Mrs. Hilda Barlow, of Sankey Green Post Office, Warrington. Mr. Barlow's thoughts flew to "Bullets," the hobby on which he and his wife have spent many absorbing hours.

Mrs. Hilda Barlow

"£20——" went on the telegram, and Mr. Barlow began congratulating himself on a £20 win. But the machine still went on tapping its message from JOHN BULL. "——£2,000 for the 'Bullet'—The Unemployed—Human 'Footballs' Awaiting 'Cricket.'"

Mr. Barlow grabbed a telephone and got through to his wife who works and lives at the post office at Sankey Green.

Mrs. Barlow was busy—and she said so. She also added her opinion of husbands who indulge in leg-pulling at inconvenient times. The fact that her husband might possibly be telling the truth did not seem to occur to her.

Dream that came true

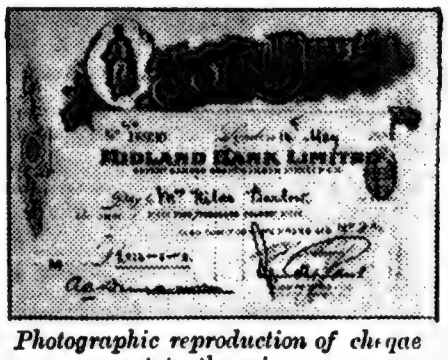
It was not until a confirming letter arrived that she realised that the £2,000 in "Bullets" Competition, No. 674, was actually hers.

"I am a great believer in dreams," Mrs. Barlow told a JOHN BULL man, "and last week I dreamed of kittens. The dream book said that this meant sudden wealth." And, she added, with a significant glance towards Mr. Barlow, "the dream book was right for once."

On this point Mr. Barlow maintained a discreet silence. He was content with the fact—the glorious fact—that his "Bullets" partnership with Mrs. Barlow had, after several years of competing, brought them one of the biggest cash prizes of the year.

From a ten-shilling prize to a £2,000 First is a tremendous jump to have made. The "Target" prizes that came along at intervals kept them working hopefully at "Bullets" and perseverance has brought a magnificent reward.

"We've had to work hard since we were married," Mr. Barlow said, "and though we don't intend to get lazy now, this 'Bullets' £2,000 will make all the



Photographic reproduction of cheque sent to the winner

difference. Some of it we shall invest, and some we shall use to educate our two children.

"And then, when I am pensioned off, perhaps it will mean that we can go back to my native shores in the Lake District."

The road that led to this big prize is the road that leads to "Bullets" £500 this week. Dreams won't get you there. Open your eyes to this opportunity and an eye-opener of a prize may be yours.

spots!

Gone in 14 days!

Spots and blemishes on the face are unsightly in themselves and they show, too, that all is not well with your health. Wex not only clears away spots, it removes the cause of them as well. Read what this lady writes:—

"I have much pleasure in recommending Wex Grape Saline to anyone who suffers from spots or skin blemishes of any description. Up to using Wex I was continually coming out in spots, but after taking Wex for less than a fortnight I am pleased to say my face is now clear of these blemishes."

23rd March, 1928. (*Miss*) *H.R.*

WHY WEX REMOVES SPOTS.

Spots are caused by thickening of the bile, which prevents the liver from carrying away the waste products of the body. Wex goes to the root of the matter, assisting Nature by thinning the bile. The impurities which are clogging the system are removed, spots vanish, the skin becomes clear, indigestion, dull eyes, coated tongue, and other kindred ailments disappear, and the whole system is toned. Prove this to your profit. Wex is a delightful sparkling morning drink. You take one teaspoonful in half-a-glass of water on rising. Wex is sold by 7,000 chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White Co., Ltd., at 1s. 6d. per bottle, 2s. 6d. double quantity. Made by E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd. (Established 1756), Manchester.

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Don't neglect the symptoms of Bladder and Kidney Trouble, such as backache, pains in the region of the bladder, broken sleep, scalding pains, etc. Don't despair if your trouble is acute. Take advantage of this free offer, read our leaflet, take the free bottle we send you, and you will know that a cure is not only possible but sure.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To all enclosing four penny stamps to defray the cost of packing and postage we will send a trial sample of Parkers Fluid Remedy, Free.

Parkers Fluid Remedy is sold at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists and stores, or from the proprietors, 1/3 and 3/- bottle. (Postage on 1/3 size, 2d.; 3/- size post free). The 3/- size contains three times as much as the smaller size. None genuine without "KYDNOS" Registered Trade Mark. Parkers Remedy Limited, 49a Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

Human Documents

The Fatal Photo

Fiendish Husband—Old Couple's Tragedy—Blackmailer's Prey

PROBLEMS that may be years are dealt with by "Humanist" The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I HAVE been married a good many years, and everything went peacefully with my married life until lately.

"My husband's work took him from home, and I found out what it was to feel lonely, so I used to visit a girl friend about three times a week. She took in men lodgers, with whom we used to have friendly evenings, playing cards and so on.

"Then a new lodger about my own age arrived and a friendship sprang up between us. He told me he was married, and that his work took him from home a good deal. As he was musical, and I had a piano, I sometimes invited him to my house, and many a happy hour did we spend, as I enjoy hearing music.

"One day my husband came home unexpectedly, and finding him there turned him out. Never having seen my husband in such a rage, I could say nothing. I thought he would have turned me out, too, but he told me to pack up and we would move right away.

"THE night we arrived at the town where we had found a house, as our furniture was delayed, we took a bed-sitting-room. Imagine my horror when, in the centre of the mantelpiece, I saw a photo of the man who through no wrong had caused so much trouble.

"Quick as lightning, I slipped it out of the frame and put it in my handbag just in time before my husband came up with our bag.

"When the landlady came up to ask if the room would suit, my heart stood still when she noticed the empty frame. She suggested that the photo must have dropped out, and we started to search for it.

"My husband, in the meantime, picked up my handbag, saying he would take some of the money which we had put there for safety, and make enquiries at the station about our furniture.

"He opened the bag, and there lay the photo. He took a roll of notes, and, looking at me as though I were a worm, went out, and I don't know where he has gone. Being very upset, I went to my sister.

"Do I deserve to be left like this when I did nothing wrong? What shall I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You have been playing with fire and have got yourself badly burnt. If your conscience is free, however, you should write a full explanation of the affair to your husband, sending your letter by registered post to his business address or to his bank. If this doesn't bring him back to you let me know.*

* * *

A Life of Hell

"I MARRIED at the age of eighteen, and have now been married ten years, living at home with my mother. My husband has always been of a jealous nature, and before long he accused me of not being true to him. Why, I do not know, because I never went out unless I was in his company or my mother's.

"After six years, knowing that something was wrong with me, my doctor advised me to go into hospital. I refused because my life was so miserable. I didn't care how soon it ended. I had no pity from my husband, who had no use for a sick wife.

"Three years ago I underwent a serious operation and was not expected to live. My husband was told there was little hope of a cure, but this made no difference to him.

"A year later, I underwent three more operations, and when a fifth was advised, I was told it would be at my own risk. I didn't mind dying, but I had my dear mother to think of.

"My husband had an interview with the specialists, who told him that I could return home for a time if he wished, but that I must be left alone. He told me not to worry as he was going away to work for a few years.

"I took him at his word and went home. But how I regretted it! My husband did not go away, and pestered me all the time.

"One night, when he made my life a hell, I told my sister, who advised me to lock my door. He then took to insulting me terribly, calling me awful names in front of others.

"I would leave him and work for myself, if only I was able. He tells me if we part he will refuse to keep me. Is there some way out?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If you have confided in your doctor and he can do nothing with your husband, you could apply to the court for a separation order on the ground of your husband's cruelty, when he would have to maintain you.*

* * *

"I HAVE two friends: the husband, aged eighty-three, has had two strokes and cannot get about; his wife, who is seventy-two, goes out to work five mornings a week, but feels she cannot carry on much longer.

A Sad Eventide

"About ten years ago, the husband's son by his first wife, bought the house, allowing the old people to rent two of the rooms. When he married, their daughter-in-law treated the old couple very badly, making their lives a misery. The son is almost as bad.

"They could go to live with a relation, but the wife would lose her work and is not likely to get such an easy job again. They both have the old-age pension of 10s.

"If they go, can the son be made to pay something towards their keep? The daughter-in-law says that the father cannot get a penny from the son unless he goes into the workhouse. Is that right or not?"

"HUMANIST" says: *The old couple would do well to move to the relative's house. As the wife does not think she will be able to continue her work much longer, why worry about giving it up? The son is not under any legal obligation to support them, unless they applied to the Poor Law Guardians, and they made an order upon him. If he failed to comply with this, they could apply to the local magistrates for an enforcement thereof, in which event, however, the son could attend and defend the application.*

* * *

CASH THE COUPONS!

Are you cutting out the "John Bull" Pen Coupons every week? By so doing you can pocket a shilling and get a 2/6 "Everpointed Pencil Free!

See page 30.

"EIGHT months ago a friend of mine obtained a situation as conductor on one of the local 'buses. Although a splendid fellow, he is weak-willed and easily led astray.

Fruit of Folly

"Three months after he started work, he found a lady's handbag on a seat in his 'bus. He ought to have handed it in, but he slipped it into his own pocket and said nothing.

"When all the passengers disembarked at the next stopping stage, a young man took hold of his arm and whispered, 'Half of what's in the bag and I'll say nothing.' My friend needing the money, and being afraid, yielded and gave him his share.

"Ever since, he has been pestered by this man demanding more money under threat of telling his employers if he refuses.

"The conductor is terrified of losing his job as he has a wife who is very ill, needing good food. It was on her account he succumbed to the temptation of not giving up the bag.

"My friend will not allow me to give the young man a good hiding, neither will he own up. How can we get rid of the rogue without exposing my friend's character?"

"HUMANIST" says: *As by giving information against the conductor the young man would risk exposing his own share of the guilt, this is probably an idle threat to extort money. The conductor should refuse every time. But if he wants a happy conscience, he had better confide the story to his employer, even if he has to lose his job. The young man should be handed over to the police as a blackmailer.*

* * *

Name This Child

"I am thinking of having my daughter, aged eleven, confirmed. She was christened in November, 1916, but in December, 1916, my marriage to her father was proved a bigamous one, and I took my maiden name. In 1921 I married my present husband. Should I be right in having my daughter christened again, taking my maiden name, or can she go on using the name under which she was christened, or take my present name?"

"Humanist" says: *The name in which she was christened at baptism is the Christian name. As regards the surname, no alteration can be made in the register of birth twelve months from date of birth. She can continue under her present name.*

A Maid's Notice

"I left my mistress's house because I was ill, and I have been receiving panel money. When I sent word to say I would resume my duties, my mistress told me she had got someone in my place. The arrangement under which I was engaged was a month's notice on either side. Can I claim a month's money?"

"Humanist" says: *If you returned to your home with the permission of your mistress, you would be entitled to your wages during sickness, until the engagement was terminated by the notice agreed.*

Church Door Closed

"In 1925, I divorced my wife. I am now engaged to a young lady and want to be married in the church which she loves. The vicar refuses. What is the position, please?"

"Humanist" says: *Unfortunately, the vicar has the right to refuse.*

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Nothing simplifies successful photography like using Ensign Films. Instead of turning the pleasure of taking photos into a penance by going into minute calculations concerning exposures and apertures and things, just use your judgment—and an Ensign Film.

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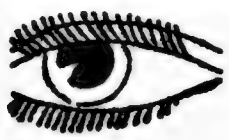
SEE EYE  TO EYE WITH YOU

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A STRIKING RECORD
SETS A NEW STANDARD IN GRAMOPHONE MUSIC

KODAK ROLL FILMS FREE.

You'll need a lot of films this year for taking your holiday pictures, if the weather turns out to be as good as the prophets promise us. You can get as many films as you like absolutely free, just by enjoying Black Cat Cigarettes. The makers of this famous brand have made a wonderful new offer of a "Kodak" Roll Film (No. 120) size 3¼ by 2¼ for 50 coupons from their Black Cat Cigarettes.
What a fine opportunity to combine two pleasures—the joy of a good cigarette and the delight of holiday snaps free!

WORRIED WOMEN

Women, as a rule, are so busily occupied with home affairs that they do not allow themselves sufficient relaxation. Often, indeed, housewives persist in carrying on their duties even when they are feeling right down ill. While such a spirit is to be admired, it is putting a heavy tax on the constitution, which is bound to result, sooner or later, in a breakdown.

The first thing you notice is that you worry over trifles that never bothered you before. You get irritable and depressed. Perhaps you don't care whether you eat or not, you are frequently troubled with nervy headaches, and everything about the house seems to go wrong.

All these sufferings mean that you have become run-down—you have allowed your blood to get poor and thin. What you need is a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills to enrich and increase the blood. Then, as your system is toned up by the new rich blood created by these pills, you find your spirits revive, your appetite sharpen, and your worries and headaches vanish.

Dr. Williams' pink pills have given renewed strength and vitality to thousands of jaded, worried women: let them do the same for you. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every woman should read. Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

Don't say
"A packet of cigarette papers"
It's too long.
Say "A.G."
Then you're quite sure of getting the best.
AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The BEST the world produces.

Chronic Catarrh

Victims should use Nostroline Nasal Specific, the quick, sure, and pleasant treatment for Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Sore Throat, and Influenza. Don't delay any longer. Get "Nostroline" now at the nearest Chemist's, price 1/3d., or from—

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Our Letter Parliament

The Politicians' Plaything

Scrap War Relics!—Does Honesty Pay?—The Coupon Campaign

THE Marquess of Londonderry's article in JOHN BULL, May 12, makes profitable reading for all workers. Industry must rely on its own internal activities to re-establish itself without the aid of Party politics, which only spells disaster. The only possible solution of the difficulties that beset trade lies in close and friendly harmony between man and master. Political intervention is entirely indifferent and disinterested in putting industry on an economic basis, and as soon as the trade union movement and the workers realise this the sooner will they be assured of a permanent and prosperous position in the world of industry.—*Hand-in-Hand, Warminster.*

Trade Union Freedom

As a thirty-years trade unionist, may I say that perfect political freedom is allowed in trade unions? Many members vote Conservative, but also support their own leaders in Parliament by the political fund in order to safeguard the interests of their trade and to see that Government contracts are carried out under fair conditions. No responsible leader wants a strike, except in the very last resource. Men are not asked to "go slow." Unions, however, do restrict overtime, and thus help more men into work.—*E. A. G., Upton Park.*

Deluded by Leaders

The Marquess of Londonderry's article is full of plain-spoken, unvarnished truth, and full well we workers know it, but, because we are hemmed in and deluded by our so-called leaders, we dare not barter our only capital—labour—for the advantage of ourselves, and those dependent on us. Let us cut out politics, class hatred and suspicion from our industrial relationships. Then, and then only, will master and man come into their own.—*J. I., Durham.*

Sole Protection

Your contributor's plea for political freedom within the trade unions was admirably presented, but does not the noble lord realise that co-operation between masters and men has only been mooted since the unions attained sufficient strength to be of political importance? Trade unionism is the worker's sole protection against exploitation, and is it not logical that those combinations should seek Parliamentary representation?—*W. L., London.*

Precept and Practice

One can imagine the Marquess of Londonderry with his tongue in his cheek when he wrote deploring the introduction of politics into industry. He must imagine that we have very short memories or that we are a pack of dolts to forget the use which he and his clique made of the Government when it passed the disastrous Eight Hours Act against the miners in 1926.—*A. P., Cinderford.*

Good Work

The introduction of politics into industry, which the Marquess of Londonderry deplores, has been a blessing to the workers. It gave us the Children's Acts, the Factory Acts, the Workmen's Compensation Acts, the Truck Act, the Unemployment and the Health Insurance Acts, all of which have been of incalculable value to working men, women and children. But for the introduction of politics into industry, the workers would still be living under the same deplorable conditions that we know prevailed at the time of the industrial revolution.—*W. J., Scotland.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Yes—Get Off!

"Get Off Bill's Back" is a singularly appropriate title for the article emanating from the pen of the Marquess of Londonderry, inasmuch as his lordship, by exacting toll in the form of mineral royalties, is one of the persons whom "Bill" could very well do without. Moreover, he can only be eliminated by political action, and the realisation of this fact has compelled the workers to enter the political arena.—*A. D. H., Neath.*

What Wife Knows

It is all very well for the Marquess of Londonderry to prate about industry being an economic question and to decry political interference. But what I, as a miner's wife, know is that my husband, as a result of the mine-owners' economics, is working on lower wages, and, as a result of political interference on the part of the Conservative Government, is working longer hours. If political interference can be used to worsen the conditions it can also be used to better them.—*Mrs. S., Kirkcaldy.*

Spying on Couples

During the debate on the Hyde Park arrests, the Home Secretary stated that there were only two constables in plain clothes on duty spying on couples. These two men are a danger to the public, not in themselves, but because there is a type of blackmailer who goes in the park, posing as a plain-clothes officer of the law, and demanding money under threat of arrest from innocent couples.—*W. T., Pimlico.*

Old Iron!

Barrow's Town Council is the latest one to decide to sell its war relics—tanks and guns. The funds will go to the Tuberculosis After-Care Committee. Readers of JOHN BULL who think this a sensible plan, and who live in districts where these mementoes are on view, would be doing humanity a service by agitating that their own town council did the same.—*M. A. H., West Derby.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"BARNSLEY CHRONICLE":—"For sale a LONG WINDOW CLEANER'S extending ladder. Apply . . ."

"SURREY COMET":—"A visit to Devon. Impressions of a walking tour BY CAR."

"DAILY MAIL":—"To be sold, DOUBLE-FRONTED LADY'S HOUSE, central position."

"SOUTHPORT VISITOR": — "High-grade suits. Smart goods. Worth 34s. SALE PRICE 59s. 6d."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"The —— Board of Guardians CUSSED AT CONSIDERABLE LENGTH a recommendation to pay the expenses of a medical officer."

"ROTHERHAM ADVERTISER":—"Finger-prints found on one of the bottles have been found to correspond exactly with the prisoner's THUMB-PRINTS."

"WAR CRY":—"The authorities of the city of —— allow flowers to be sold in the streets ON THE SECOND SATURDAY OF THE WEEK."

Criminals First

Mr. Justice Humphreys, at Leeds Assizes, recently drew attention to a state of affairs of which the unemployed are only too bitterly aware. "It is a curious fact," said his lordship, "that a man who has been convicted gets work found for him more easily than an honest man." That persons who have lapsed into crime should be given every chance to reform no sane person would question, but it is monstrous that an honest man should be compelled to sell all that is best in life before his right to work for his bread is conceded.—*F. B. W., Durham.*

"Shake!"

As a school teacher, I was greatly impressed by Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article, "A Duel of Giants" (JOHN BULL, May 12). I am paid by a State which exhorts me to train the nation's children to be good citizens, law-abiding and peace-loving, and yet the same State prepares for future wars! Sir Austen Chamberlain's responsibility is indeed enormous, and his statesmanship will be proved if he cuts through the jungle of formal phrases to the fertile plain of peace by asking Mr. Kellogg to "shake hands on it!"—*G. W., Ferndale.*

The "Coupon" Stunt

At a moment when a portion of the "Trust" Press is conducting a campaign against coupon competitions, on the grounds of the danger to advertisers (who are well able to take care of themselves), it is well to point out that JOHN BULL'S rising circulation figures are not obtained by this method, as competitors in "Bullets" are permitted to enter efforts on plain paper. I seem to remember, too, that the agitators are not blameless in this respect, as they have conducted "coupon competitions" themselves in the not so distant past.—*A. C., Surrey.*

"J.B.'s" "Exposures"

Congratulations on your latest enterprise. It is a bright idea and deserves to succeed. I like to think that the good work for which JOHN BULL has been responsible in the past through the "printing" of "exposures" will now be added to by the efforts of those readers who obtain your free gift cameras. Let us hope these "exposures" when "printed" will bring greater satisfaction to the "exposed."—"*Ensign*," *Edinburgh.*

The Military Mind

At a British Legion dinner here, the toasts showed what we are still up against. A major and others harped on the need for being prepared for another war. One speaker, too young for service in the Great War, expressed himself as under reproach that his baby girl might grow up and ask, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" Let us back up JOHN BULL in its efforts to prove that the "war to end war" is going to be a fulfilment, not a cruel, delusive humbug! Shall the military mind fool us again?—*G. H. B., Fakenham*

A Disclaimer

In JOHN BULL of May 12, under the heading, "Jacob's Ladder of Gold," it is stated that a concern called J. J. Jacobs, Ltd., was registered by a Mr. Farley, of Kingston Road, Merton Park, S.W. The Mr. Farley in question is not our client, Mr. Richard Farley, and for fear that readers of the article might confuse our client with the man mentioned in your article, we shall be glad if you will kindly publish this letter and make the matter plain.—*W. R. Bennett and Co., Solicitors, 74, Gt. Russell Street, W.C*

1888 **40 years of Tyre-making** 1928

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C.F.H. 151

Corn as Big as a Penny *Removed in 20 Minutes.*

Corn sufferers! Read the letter of this 6-years victim of corns. After the failure of many remedies he put his feet into a Radox footbath. Within twenty minutes a corn the size of a penny could be withdrawn without pain between finger and thumb. Now, walking, even in the heat of summer, is both easy and comfortable. Here is his letter:

"I have been a victim of corns and bad feet for the last 6 years. The other day a workmate asked me to give Radox Bath Salts a trial, I did so, went by directions on the packet, and to my astonishment within the twenty minutes Radox acted like magic, fetching out a corn like the size of a penny and an eighth of an inch thick from beneath my foot. My feet are now normal, thanks to Radox.—W. J. B." 5th April, 1928.

Get this certain speedy relief now before the hot days make your feet unbearable. For when you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½-lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half-pound pink pkt.*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

R. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES!

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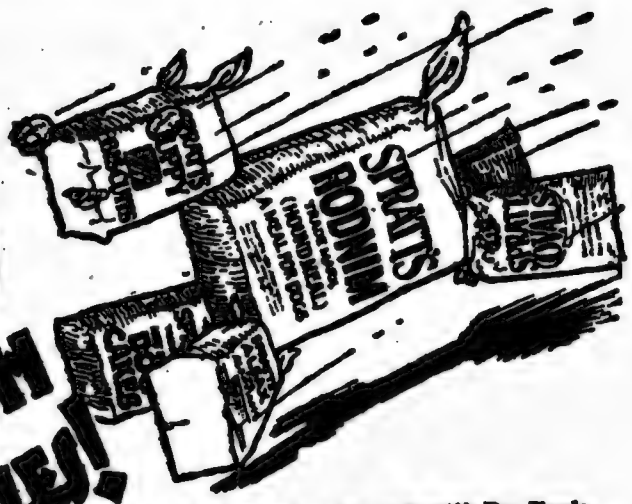

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But be sure you buy genuine Spratt's. Though there are many imitations your certain safeguard is the name SPRATT'S boldly printed on the bags and packets, and the trademark X stamped on the biscuits.

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MEAT-FIBRINE

DOG FOODS

Those little hairs above the Collar

They are "little beasts" to shave, nasty little curly hairs, and they show against the whiteness of the collar. They will shave *much* more easily if you use Erasmic Shaving Stick, which with its rich lather gets the hairs ready for the razor.

Erasmic also keeps your skin in beautiful condition and your neck will not get sore where the collar scrapes.

"Erasmic soothes while it shaves."

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SHAVING STICK

In the Blue Tin 1/-

(In nickel container—1/3)

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FAIRWAY AS A FAST-TIMER

Facts and Figures Concerning Lord Derby's Champion—Better Time Than Call Boy—Palais Royal Still Winning—Follow Brothers' Water

IN my notes last week I gave Fairway for the Derby. As I was writing several days before the Stanley House colt was due to take part in the Newmarket Stakes, I was naturally keen to see how he shaped in this event.

AS everyone knows, Fairway won, won well, and barring scares is not likely to be dislodged from the head of the market. The race at headquarters has been pretty well covered, so I shall touch only on one point, which is of general interest, whether one happens to be a time-test fanatic or not.

I HAPPENED to be looking over the list of horses which have made the Newmarket Stakes a stepping-stone to the victory at Epsom. Several giants of the Turf figure in the list, but not one, either in the bad old days, or in recent times, covered the mile and a quarter at Newmarket as fast as Fairway. This little fact does not stamp Fairway as a smasher, but it shows him up as good, and he won as if stamina was his strong suit.

DONOVAN, the Derby winner of nearly forty years ago, took the Stakes at Newmarket in 2 minutes 17²/₅ seconds. In '93, Isinglass won both races, but his time is not recorded. The following year, Ladas brought off the double, after winning at Newmarket in 2 minutes 22 seconds, and three years later Galtee More did the trick in 2 minutes 15 seconds.

THE next to succeed was "Teddy's" Diamond Jubilee, 2 minutes 9²/₅ seconds, Cicero, in 1905, occupied 2 minutes 10²/₅ seconds. After a break of six years, Sunstar, who romped home at Epsom on three legs and a "swinger," came up at Newmarket in 2 minutes 7²/₅ seconds. Then we have a big gap until last year, when Call Boy scored in the Stakes in 2 minutes 6²/₅ seconds. Fairway's time was 2 minutes 3²/₅ seconds.

I AM still of the opinion that we shall see Fairway and Flamingo fighting out the finish at Epsom, but I am rather dubious of Pharamond, for a place, after his display in the "Jubilee." I am watching with interest the French colt, Palais Royal. The son of Bruleur won again last week at Longchamp, at 10 to 1 on. This accounted for his appearance in the London betting.

Frank Butters, Fairway's trainer

FIELDS were small at this Longchamp meeting, but with so much agitation for and against the "Tote," it is rather interesting to note the prices paid out by the mechanical bookmaker. Bannerole won at 13 to 10; Saint Corentin at 17 to 10; La Moqueuse 10 to 8 on; Queyras 10 to 1 on; Palais Royal 10 to 1 on; Sari Signy 13 to 1 against. And the "Book," with its usual deduction, had a good day.

NEWMARKET stables house most of the Epsom candidates, and just now the old town is eating, sleeping and breathing the Derby. Anyone who wishes to see the horses put through their paces must be upon the Heath shortly after 6 a.m. At nine the animals have done their work and are back in their stables.

MORE CODE WINNERS.

RICKSHAW	... ...	4 to 1
GIPSY KING	... ...	15 to 8
ELLANVALE	... ...	13 to 8
FAIRWAY	... ...	Evens
DOUBLE LIFE	... ...	1 to 2

15 POINTS UP
on the Season.

MY French Correspondent, who saw both the "Guineas" in Paris, advises me that it is unwise to take the results as a direct line to the relative merits of French and English form. More and more French owners of good-class horses fight shy of these two races, and none of the best three-year-olds turned out this year. It can be taken, however, that Dark Lantern, who won the Two Thousand, is well above the class in which he has been running in England, and will win good races if kept to his proper distance, ten furlongs or an easy mile and a half.

SECOND thoughts were best with my "Jubilee" selections, Pharamond—if absent Abbot's Speed. I had the mortification of seeing Pharamond run a putrid race, and Abbot's Speed doddle it. If the Australian rule, compelling a jockey to ride all out for a place, had been in force, I think Dark Japan would have been second. He appeared to me to be eased when pursuit of the winner was futile. Dark Japan goes for the Manchester Cup and should be noted.

MY Northern Correspondent tells me that there was any amount of money for Brothers' Water last time out, and that Armstrong's four-year-old should never be missed. Lord Lonsdale owns the son of Glanmerin-Loweswater, and there is more in the name than meets the eye. Brothers' Water is a small lake, near Loweswater, where two brothers, finding the path of true love anything but smooth, quarrelled and drowned themselves.

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Are you cashing the "John Bull" coupons? See how you may save 13/6! Every coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen. Send six coupons and P.O. for 4/- only (plus 3d. for postage and packing) and you will receive a pen admittedly worth 15/- with which is presented a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil *free*. Cash the coupons!
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THE sea-water cure for crocked horses has a serious rival in the violet-ray treatment. I know that in some cases animals which have been given up by their trainers as beyond repair have been patched up. Presto, the recent winner at Ripon, is a violet-ray cure from a bowed tendon. The veterinary surgeon, Mr. Pride Jones, had Leach's four-year-old in his care for three weeks, and turned him out as good as new. He is now treating Mr. "Manna" Morris' youngster, Tom Peartree, for a split pastern.

I AM always keen on horses sired by The Boss; if they are any good at all, they are fliers up to five furlongs. One I earmarked at Headquarters was the Ayn Hali colt, who ran second, at 20 to 1, to Tidy Girl in the Somerville Stakes. Handsome is as handsome does, in this case, and Ayn Hali colt will not be at "twenties" next time out.

I CODED Molly Adare to win the Abingdon Plate last week. She went under owing to the fact that she came up against a colt which has improved a stone or more since last season, Doch-an-Doris. In this sprinter, and the staying Glenhazel, who won on the same day, Felix Leach, jun., has a couple of rare money-spinners, who will take a lot of stopping by the handicapper. Glenhazel is a massive three-year-old, probably the biggest in training

BIRD OF BLUE colt will be popping up shortly. I had a red-hot tip for this youngster when he ran second to Rock Bottom at Newbury. The information was good, for he started a short-priced favourite. I noted him at Gatwick last week when third to Tension Gelding—he ran really well.

WE shall have to find our week-end winners at Doncaster, Windsor and Ayr. At the Yorkshire meeting on Thursday, I note Maia in the Portland Handicap. On the mare's running at Chester she should win this. On Friday, I suggest Gioconda and Roman Emperor. The latter was very unlucky to be pipped by Stranathro at Kempton.

AYR is not an easy meeting to tackle. J. Dawson's gelding, Wings of the Morning, is coming to hand rapidly, and if sent for the Montrose Handicap will probably score. Bethlera, passed on to me by my Northern Correspondent, comes up in the Montgomerie Plate. On Saturday, I suggest Lychee, Bell Rock, and Ionian Fairy. I have left my nap for Windsor, Frankly, in the four o'clock race.

"SILVER RING."

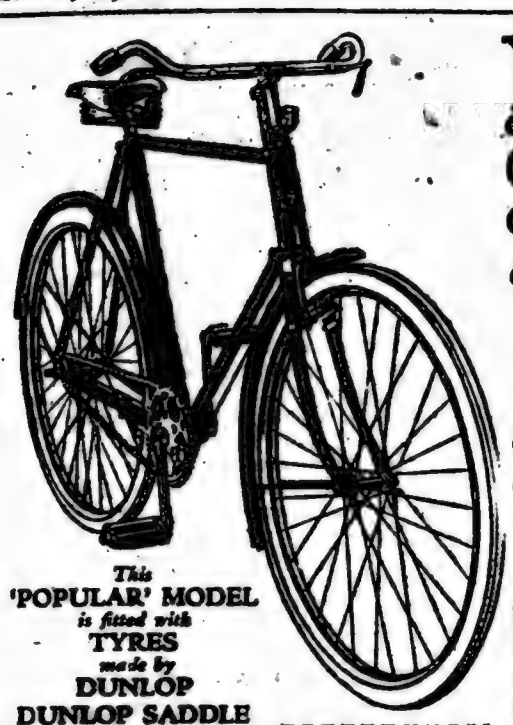
Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

B N S U 3 2 F G M P Z K Y Q
R O I D V J W E T L A C X H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. KZTGP-WNBU would read CAMELFORD.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, May 23, to Tuesday, May 29.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.



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Get a bottle from your chemist, take two before you go to bed and one before each meal. You will wake up in the morning feeling strong and fresh, full of life and ready for both work and pleasure. There is no other medicine which gives this quick, certain benefit.

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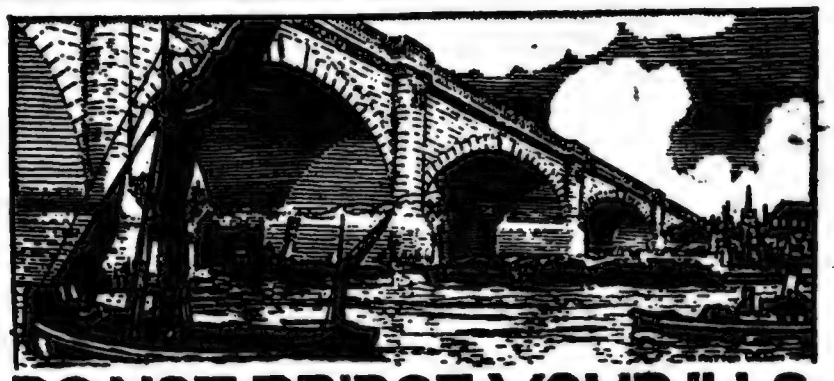
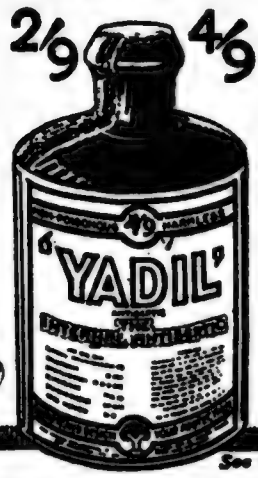


DO·NOT·BRIDGE·YOUR·ILLS· – SWEEP THEM AWAY –

It is dangerously easy to bridge an illness, to reach apparent health and safety and to leave behind, alive and active, the poison germ, the cause of all the trouble. The value of

POWERFUL EFFICIENT SAFE

2/9 4/9



'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

is, that it strikes at the cause of disease and removes it. You need no bridge; the way to health is open. Remember that 95% of disease is germ-created. Don't be satisfied by an apparent return of health—ensure true health, true virility, by killing the germ itself. Do that and leave the rest to nature.

We live in a time of crowds. Trams, theatres, homes, huge gatherings at sport, workshops alive with humanity, pavements packed with pedestrians; it is the day of crowds. The danger of infection is not intermittent, it is continuous—at any moment we may 'catch' cold or cough or worse. 'Yadil' taken in a small quantity daily will counteract any infection.

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"We tried all kinds of ointments but none of them did any good. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to send for a free sample. We bought more and in about a month baby was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. H. Swaffield, 41, Edward St., Abingdon, Berks., Eng.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

M. M. W. (Kendal).—"My wife dresses sensibly." How folk must stare!

MAUD (Plymouth).—"I shall remain single." Oh, you'll knot!

F. W. (Matlock).—"You are the biggest fool on earth." You forget yourself.

J. Y (Colchester).—"You set me thinking." Wonderful what we can do!

D. H. (Grimsby).—"Teeth are man's best friends." The best of friends fall out.

L. C. (Mitcham).—"You never know your luck till you try." Or your temper till you're tried.

S. F. (Portsmouth).—"He plays cards, but never backs horses." Naturally. He can't shuffle the horses!

H. C. L. (Holbeck).—"Getting without giving won't do you any good." Neither will forgetting without forgiving.

H. R. (Canvey Island).—"What would you prefer to die of if you had your choice?" Old age.

S. D. (Manor Park).—"I'll sit on the fellow if he calls on my daughter again." Better leave her to do it!

G. Y. (Clapton).—"Your paper was the first to give us the information." We are always earliest with the latest.

A. N. (Beccles).—"My father is ninety-one and never uses glasses." Does he drink out of the bottle?

B. M. (Aberdare).—"I put her on an iron." She must have been uncomfortable!

T. F. (Dagenham).—"Did I ever tell you that funny story?" No. And what's more, don't!

MISS K. (Tooting).—"After all is said, it is the man who proposes." He thinks he does!

MISS D. (Belgravia).—"I love to see the part of Shylock played at the theatre." He keeps the interest right up to the end.

J. M. (Hornsey).—"I am thinking of learning golf. Where can I obtain lessons?" A week at Billingsgate Market might prove useful.

SAM (Mile End).—"I made him understand quite clearly that I wouldn't have it." You seem to have given it to him, instead.

R. B. (Sudbury).—"I am in sore straits and am thinking of drowning myself." We hope somebody will help you out.

"BANTAM" (Ilford).—"My already tall fiancée has grown so much since we were first engaged that now we look quite absurd together." Hope you won't soon be telling us you can't love her any longer.

So many readers write to say that they have listened to some plausible tale and lost their money! It is far better to write (in ink) to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service and tell it the tale first, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. Then experts will say whether the tale should be listened to or the tale-teller told to take his tale elsewhere. Enquire first. It pays!*

M. L. S. (Wigan).—"What do you grow in your garden?" Tired.

MRS. P. (Hornsey).—"What would men be without their wives?" Bachelors.

F. B. (Ashington).—"Have I concealed my ignorance?" On the contrary.

L. B. (Edgware).—"All my work is mental." Idle fellow!

G. P. (Penistone).—"Why not try me as a contributor?" We have and found you guilty.

R. H. A. (Pembroke).—"Do you know what would improve London's statues?" Dynamite!

MRS. J. (Kensington).—"I hesitate to tell my age." Every second you hesitate makes it worse.

S. T. (Teddington).—"Some actors are quite well off." And others are better off—than on.

A. A. (Ramsgate).—"The vocabulary of most women is very limited." But think of the turnover!

M. C. (Rugby).—"My wife doesn't know her to speak to." Only to speak about, we gather.

S. C. H. (Beverley).—"I shave and wash outside in the summer." That's where we always shave and wash.

H. N. G. (Berwick).—"My wife believes everything I say." Heartiest congratulations!

E. P. (Kidderminster).—"We shall soon have £1 Bank of England notes." But we shall not have them long.

C. K. (Freshford).—"I always have the last word." We know: "Have it your own way, dear!"

MRS. B. (Nelson).—"What is the best food to take before a long sea voyage?" The cheapest.

MISS C. (Manchester).—"Some of the doctors are worked to death." It sounds like a killing business.

A. T. (Ely).—"He has an extraordinary face." Isn't it between the ears as usual?

T. P. (Victoria).—"Lying is not one of my failings." Do you mean you are good at it?

L. C. (Pendleton).—"Girls' names should be appropriate." Fancy a modern girl named Prudence!

A. N. (Farnham).—"This article is not quite so good as the one I sent you last week." We shouldn't have thought that possible.

P. L. (Camden Town).—"Some motorists are very considerate." They think that pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

S. T. (Buxton).—"It is a fine precept that nothing but good should be said of the dead." So there's a chance for you yet.

MISS K. (Falmouth).—"What period should elapse between the engagement and marriage?" In some cases, about fifty years.

L. B. (Stanmore).—"I was the first man to bat and in attempting to make a glance to leg was bowled out." You shouldn't look at the lady spectators.

S. A. (Liverpool).—"It's a good thing when a man decides not to drink any more." And even better when he decides to drink less.

D. M. (Twyford).—"I bought it on easy payments." There are no such things.

T. B. (Hove).—"What are 1860 pennies worth?" £7 15s.

A. N. (Watford).—"Will you reply briefly to this in your paper?" Yes.

COMEDIAN (Yarmouth).—"I start singing off the stage." Like to keep in safety till you see how the audience take it?

JOE H. (Anglesey).—"What do you think I had after my dinner?" Indigestion.

S. W. G. (Erdington).—"My hens cackle, yet I find few eggs." They are lying instead of laying.

F. S. (Lincoln).—"Do you think you will live long?" Right till the very last minute.

MRS. G. (Stockton).—"I married an ideal man." Good job he wasn't looking for the ideal woman.

S. H. W. (Treorchy).—"All the members of my family made brilliant marriages." Except your wife, of course.

E. S. (Bournemouth).—"He is a very supercilious motorist." A very recent pedestrian we should think.

MRS. P. (Doncaster).—"I had the hose out in the garden to-day." Watering the flowers or washing stockings?

B. D. (Sherwood).—"She married a jazz conductor." Gold band, jazz band, husband!

L. B. (Grantham).—"I am a commercial traveller and I'll call on you for an order." We'll order you to travel.

MRS. T. (Buxton).—"My birthday is next week." And what age have you decided on for this year?

M. P. S. (Snaresbrook).—"I am a modest man." Your assertion causes us to doubt the truth of your assertion.

A. N. (Glasgow).—"I always try to be my natural self." It seems hard luck on others.

A. N. (Crewe).—"He has a face that people trust." That's to his credit, if he wants credit.

F. N. (Sevenoaks).—"I held my audience for two hours." And then put it back in its cradle?

PERCY (Andover).—"I am so terribly absent-minded." Clearly, you'll never have a statue erected to your memory.

G. R. (Forfar).—"My wife ought to have married a man with money." Well, don't win that *Bullets* £500 or she'll have nothing to grumble about.

B. T. L. (Maidstone).—"I am a big man in my own way." We have seen men so big that they were obviously in their own way.

T. A. (Folkingham).—"A clean collar and good boots make a fellow look smart." In fact, they make both ends neat.

H. L. C. (Blackpool).—"A man is known by the company he keeps." And a woman by the company she keeps waiting.

A. C. R. (Darwen).—"You know your past, and I can foretell your future." Then all we need worry about is the present.

MRS. E. (Silsden).—"My husband can't say he ever came home to find dinner not ready." You were too careful not to lose the tin-opener, we suppose.

F. N. (Gosport).—"Opportunity knocks for a man." A woman gets a ring.

T. R. (Walsall).—"She's wealthy. I love her." Although or because?

A. R. (Boston Manor).—"Money goes very fast." Yes, but not very far.

R. R. (Brighton).—"He made most of his money out of lead." That's a penal offence.

D. F. (St. Helens).—"Nine men out of ten are mad." And the other writes the jazz tunes they dance to.

A. L. (Clapham).—"I intend to be the means of beautifying this village." What? Are you moving?

NATHAN T. (Batley).—"I insist on good-sized pockets in all my coats." Pint or quart?

J. McN. (Aberdeen).—"Our city stands alone." And absolutely nothing else, we're told.

H. H (Oxford).—"Do you think writing is my vocation?" No, only your belief.

B C. (Pudsey).—"I'm no liar." But if prizes were offered for truth speaking, you couldn't possibly win.

T. R. (Southport).—"I called on the dentist and he was out." What stupendous luck!

N. F. (Hayes).—"I heard that the woman next door was changing her mind." The walls *must* be thin.

F. M. C. (Highbury).—"I consider our road-menders as well set-up a body of men as any in the country." So they should be, seeing they start every job with a lot of drilling?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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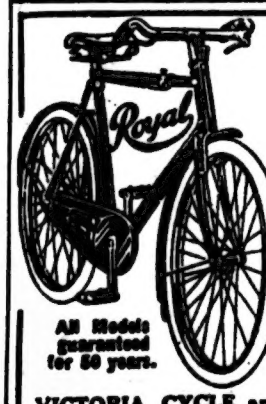

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"The Greatest of These . . . ."

A Friend of the Poor

And His Followers

FABER wrote a long and beautiful poem on St. Vincent of Paul, in which the following verses occur:

All industries of love wert thou,
So thoughtful yet so quick,
The angel of the shame-faced poor,
God's shadow on the sick.

For charity anointed thee
O'er want, and woe, and pain;
And she hath crowned thee emperor
Of all her wide domain.

The poor thou savest by such charms
As hardest hearts can move;
The rich by teaching them to do
The saving works of love.

Saint of wide-open arms, and heart
Capacious as a sea,
In dead of night a thousand lips
Are sweetly blessing thee.

Without, we hope, seeming presumptuous, this just describes what "The Greatest of These—" Fund would like to be, and what, with our readers' help, it can become increasingly.

We quote a few of the encouraging messages the fund receives from time to time from its subscribers:

"I so much admire JOHN BULL as doing something to help on 'practical Christianity.'"

"Two sixpenny Bullets may win £2,000; but if this poor pitiful little sum will win two blessings in the shape of two meals for a hungry child, I shall be richer than £4,000."

"Ten weeks ago I had a leg amputated. I had saved some of the money towards the cost of an artificial leg, intending to borrow the rest and repay the lender as I could. I have not even asked that friend for the loan, neither have I in any way sought help from any other quarter, yet I have had £27 10s. actually given me towards the cost of this limb. . . .

"I am so overwhelmed by the sympathy and goodness from all quarters that I ask you in the name of my wife and myself to accept this small gift to help someone else 'on the road.'"

And how can we express our thanks to a true son of St. Vincent of Paul, who, sparkling with the joy of giving, visited us one morning leaving a generous sum because he had seen for himself that none of the subscribers' money was spent in administrative expenses!

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

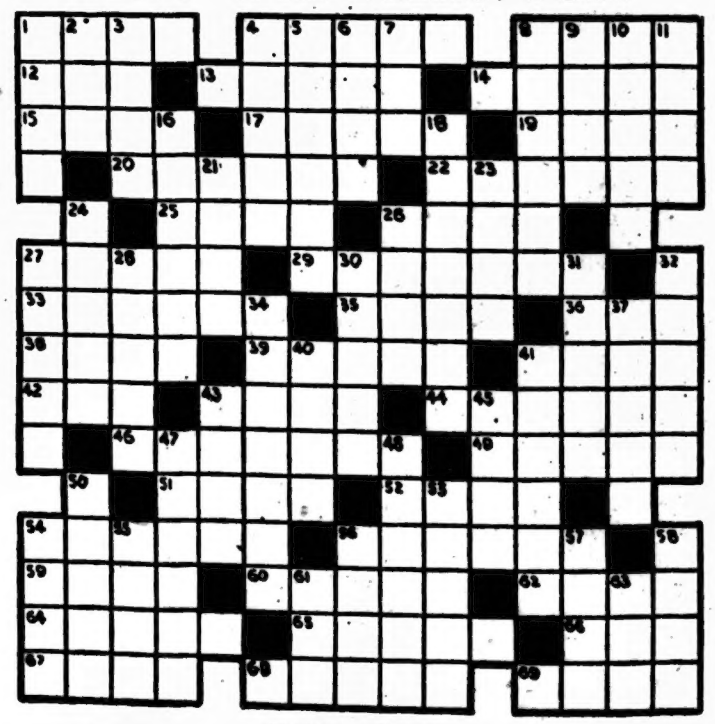
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

W. Dawson, 2s.; Mrs. E. M. Peat, 1s.; Some Say Good Old Jervy, 2s. 6d.; Bullets No. 671, 2s. 6d.; Oxford, 5s.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 6d.; Thankful (West Hartlepool), 1s. 9d.; No. 38769, 1s.; Gascoyne (W. A.), 15s. 4½d.; S. W., 1s.; J. N. S. B., 7s.; A Small Bullet Winner, 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; M. C. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (South Petherton), 2s. 6d.; J. Heckles (Liverpool), 1s.; Rastrick, 1s. 3d.; F. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; A Miner's Wife, 1s.; E. K. (Bradford), 2s.; M. Loveman (Greenock), 1s.; Mr. C. Burns (North Woolwich), 2s. 6d.; Miner's Wife (Penrhiwceiber), 1s.; Titch (Sussex), 6d.; G. M. Bradley (Well Hall), 5s.; No Name No Number, 10s. 6d.; With Love, 1s.; Sub Rosa, 2s.; M. Harris, 1s. 6d.; J. M. Bracecirdle, 1s.; Ace, 2s. 6d.; My First Target, 1s.; J. Brindle, 6d.; Joey, 2s.; Target, 1s.; G. Whitfield, 2s.; Scot, 2s. 6d.; A. D. Ware, £1; Mrs. Caine (Liverpool), 10s.; Mrs. M. Dupere, 1s.; Jeff, 5s.; Chummy (Manchester), 5s.; M. A. S. (Poole), 6d.; W. M. R. (Rotherham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. John Robertson, 1s.; M. W. (Heanor), 5s.; Mrs. E. J. Brown (Bedford), 5s.; Jane Porteous (Helperby), 1s.; Anon. (Bishop's Stortford), 1s.; Orkney, 3s.; The Merry Crew, 8s.; B. (Brighton), 1s.; Mrs. Marion Symonds Crossley, 1s.; A. Harding (Llanelly), 1s.; Mrs. G. Potts (Seacombe), 1s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 1s.

(*Other acknowledgments on page 2*)

Our Cross-Word Corner

This Will Puzzle You!



CLUES ACROSS

1. Lean.
4. Pertaining to the calf of the leg.
8. Large open space.
12. Atmosphere
13. Interior.
14. Mohammedan's "Bible."
15. Place.
17. Foreign.
19. Story.
20. Handcloth.
22. Incapable.
25. Vapour.
26. Spawn of shell-fish.
27. A vine berry.
29. A publication.
33. Uprising.
35. To scold.
36. A nocturnal bird.
38. Overt.
39. Scent.
41. Conflagration.
42. By.
43. Ferocious animal.
44. Unfasten.
46. A loud noise.
49. Step.
51. Before.
52. Heroic.
54. Small in figure.
56. A bundle.
59. Precious stone.
60. To drench.
62. Writing table.
64. Nude.
65. Refuse.
66. Born.
67. Stained.
68. Between 12 and 20.
69. Boil.

CLUES DOWN

1. Toll.
2. Thigh-joint.
3. Metal.
4. A serpent.
5. Dis-similar.
6. Bridle-strap.
7. Part of verb "to be."
8. Tuberous vegetable.
9. Street urchin.
10. To reunite.
11. Leg-joint.
16. Large fish.
18. Pertaining to marriage
21. Rind.
23. Part of the finger.
24. Kind of silk.
26. Indo-Chinese Peninsular.
27. To feel one's way.
28. To prevent.
30. An idler.
31. Sound.
32. A mixture.
34. Corrupted.
37. To revenge.
40. Borne.
41. Compelled.
43. A light.
45. Relating to the ear.
47. Called to.
48. Cause.
50. Pay back.
53. To emphasize.
54. Small lake.
55. To capture.
56. Undiluted.
57. 40 days fast
58. Oblique.
61. Poem.
63. Observe.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 2.

LAST CHANCE TO WIN A SUPER-GIFT!

THE LAST 200!

IF you could *see* those Super-Gifts, the last 200 of which we offer this week, what a stimulus it would give to your *Bullets* for this big Whitsun Offer!

If you could hear that wonderful Four-Guinea Gramophone—if you could examine all the 47 pieces of that splendid Canteen of Cutlery—if you could feel the thick soft wool of those Blankets—if you could see the exquisite polish and hear the mellow gong of that massive Inlaid Walnut Clock . . . well, you would need no urging to make the most of your final opportunity to win the prize you want.

Words can convey little of the excellence of these Super-Gifts, but a few words may bring one to you! And remember—*somebody must capture that £500!*

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 675.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

MRS. W. McDERMOTT, 10, Greenfield New Rows, Burnbank, Hamilton, N.B.

Example:—PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT
Bullet:—WHAT WILL "WINNIE" WEAR?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. S. PENNELLS, 75, Dulwer Road, Leytonstone, E.
Example:—OUR ROADS
Bullets:—"CROSSING" PRODUCING NEW "STRAIN."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. LOGAN, Springmount, Glarryford, Co. Antrim.
Example:—"GET OUT!"
Bullet:—ALL "OUT" EVER GET.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. S. BROCK, St. James's Gate, Dublin.
SHIP OF MATRIMONY—THAT "STORMS" BATTERED—*Stronger.*

C. V. BODDY, 52, Regent Street, Exeter.
MAN'S EQUAL—GRANDMOTHER WOULDN'T "LOWER HERSELF."

Mrs. H. BENTON, 17, Clarence Road, East Cowes.
THE WORLD'S WORST—HUSBAND—EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

D. H. COLCLOUGH, 191, Shelbourne Road, Bournemouth.
IN CHICAGO—GUM PREVENTS TEETH CHATTERING.

F. FENNA, 211, Clowes Street, West Gorton, M/c.
WHAT IS MOVING?—GARDEN—FATHER'S TUGGING WEED.

Mrs. H. HOLLAND, 28, Hurtley Street, Burnley.
ALL MEN—EQUAL—EXCEPT OUR INFERIORS.

N. McCALLUM, 35, Shore Street, Gourock.
ALL MEN—LIARS—GOOD ONES, LAWYERS.

(Continued on page 2.)

How To Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—THE UNEMPLOYED
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Example:—OUR LIVES
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Example:—FAMILY HISTORY
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MAN IN THE GUTTER
DAMNABLE
LOOKING AHEAD
INDUSTRY'S LIFE-BLOOD
PARTNERS
MAKES EVERYBODY THINK
ABROAD
TOO MANY PEOPLE
"WILL YOU BE MINE?"
FRIENDS NO LONGER
THE CIVIL SERVICE
WHY NOT
BEHIND THE BARS
HAPPY TOGETHER
FORGETTING HIMSELF
AMERICAN TOURIST
BEGINNING AGAIN
LOST FOR WORDS
ANOTHER RECORD
COSTS TOO MUCH
WORTH CULTIVATING
LIFE'S DAY
WHAT ARE RATES?

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Example _____
Bullet _____
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Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

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Example _____
Bullet _____
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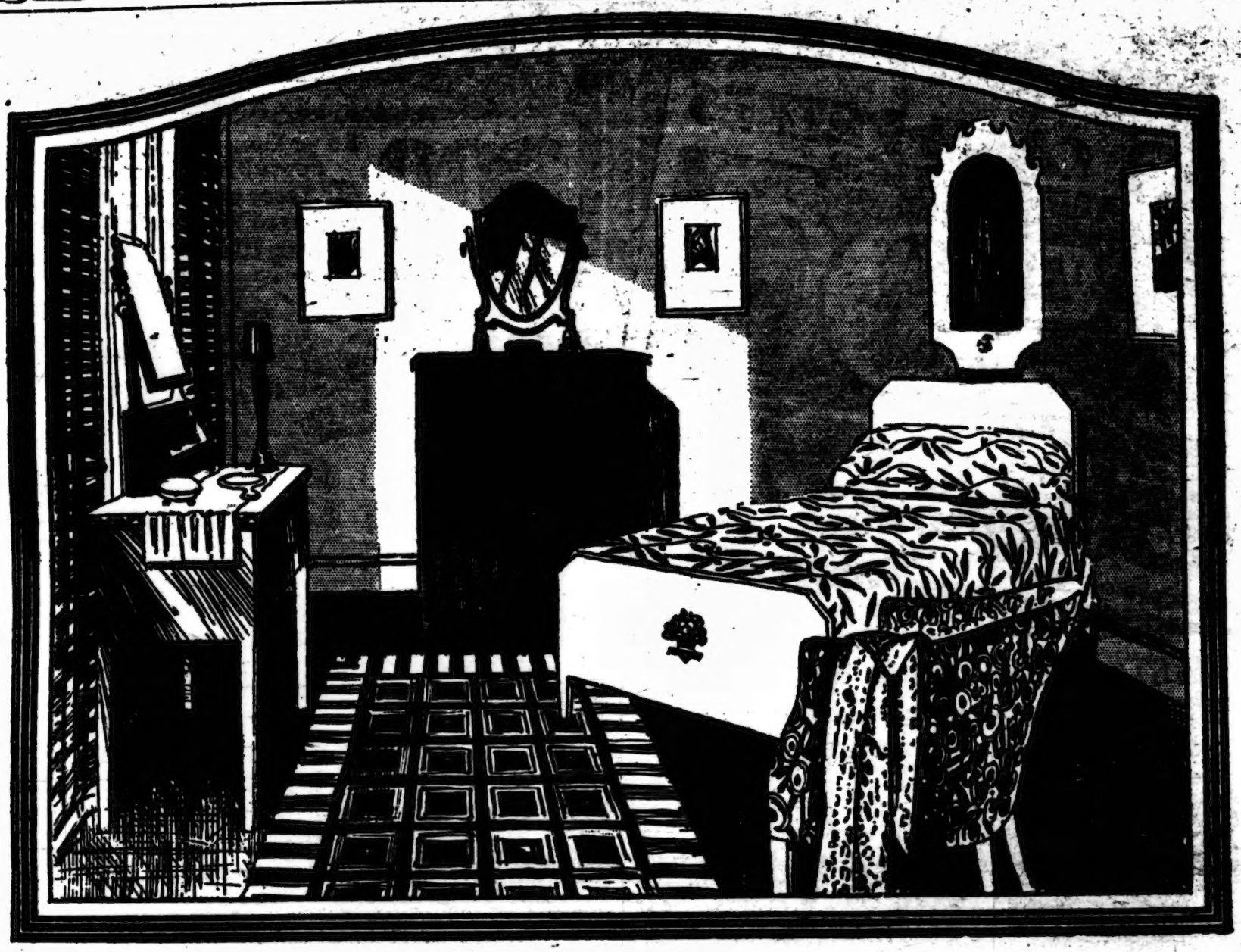
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £2,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 674 will be shown in the window of Mr. H. Gardner, 5, Liverpool Road, Warrington.



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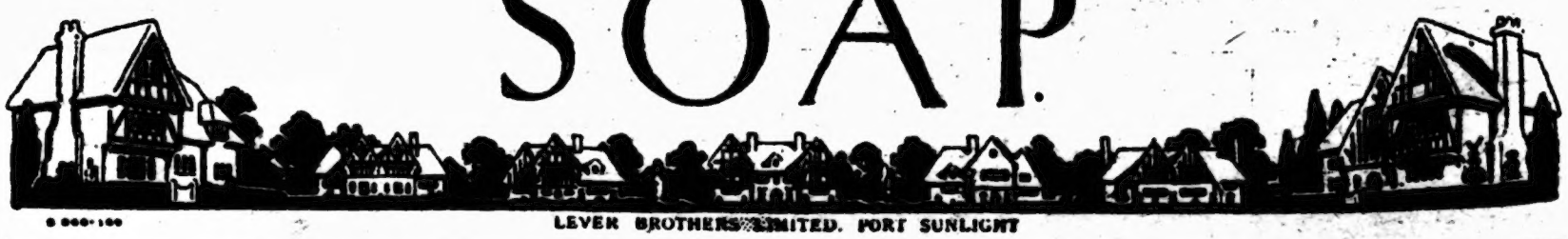

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